New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LX · No. 1555 SATURDAY · 31 DECEMBER 1960 NINEPENCE

Happy New Year!

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Algeria – Two Nations

★

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Incidental Music

Russia's Principal Ally

DESPITE the wind of change in Washington, the world faces 1961 in a mood of tired resignation. France has just celebrated the Christmas season by exploding another nuclear device. There are rumours that China – and even Israel – are soon to join the suicide club. Meanwhile, hopes in the Geneva test-ban talks have slowly dwindled. Western diplomats warn us that a full Summit is most unlikely in 1961: the most we can expect is a foreign ministers' conference and even this, they add, must be preceded by stringent preparations. The contrast with the opening of 1960 is sobering.

There are many reasons for this uniform pessimism. 'Africa Year', the unleashing of nearly a score of coloured sovereign states, has, as John Hatch points out on another page, settled none of the continent's problems; on the contrary, it has brought them out into the open and created new areas of tension. During the past year, the anarchy of the dying Eisenhower regime has produced, in such incidents as the U-2 and the Cuban panic, gratuitous clashes with the East which time alone can repair; while the gathering crisis in Laos shows that the spirit of John Foster Dulles still walks the State Department.

Russia, too, has displayed a brash self-confidence which may make negotiations unfruitful as well as hazardous. Despite Mr Krushchev's limited victory over China at the Moscow 'Summit', his new manifesto opens up long vistas of disturbance in the uncommitted areas. He has clinched his rejection of the Stalinist concept of Cold War; but what he understands by his alternative, Peaceful Coexistence, is now revealed as the systematic exploitation of any crisis in the regions still economically or politically dominated by the West. He has already shown, by his attitude to the UN over the Congo, that he prefers profitable tension to stable neutrality. Indeed, he implicitly rejects the notion that the UN, as the voice of the uncommitted majority, should hold the balance between the two militant blocs.

This clarification of Soviet intentions should at least assist Mr Kennedy in shaping his policies. If Mr Krushchev cannot be deflected from his aims, at least we can reduce his opportunities to secure them. And in order to do this, we must recognise that his principal ally – and our real enemy – is poverty. In most of the world, alas, it is growing in strength and influence. Only in western Europe have America's post-war assistance schemes succeeded in establishing stable, self-sustaining economies. In Asia, Africa and Latin America, living standards have largely remained stationary, or have even declined. Throughout the last decade, the fall in the price of raw materials, while priming the affluent societies of the West, has not only cancelled out the sum total of western aid, but in many cases has led to an absolute drop in national income – in Latin America, for instance, at the rate of $1,000m a year. Even in those countries which have most benefited from direct US aid – Turkey, Korea and Laos are outstanding examples – corrupt, US-orientated regimes, and restrictionist financial policies imposed by Washington, have produced economic and political chaos.

Provided the new administration recognises this analysis as valid, its long-term objectives seem clear. It must shift the axis of its foreign aid programmes from military to economic assistance. It must recognise, as Krushchev has already done, that a stable neutral is a more effective barrier to Communism than a pro-western regime maintained by force. It must fashion a global system of controlled commodity prices, to protect the primary producers against the oscillations of the world market. And it must cease to export, along with its dollars, the economic philosophy of Wall Street.

Of course, the Americans do not owe the world a living; but it is to their advantage to see that it gets it. Direct negotiations with Russia, though useful, cannot end tension unless this basic truth is understood. For the world will not live in harmony so long as two-thirds of its inhabitants find difficulty in living at all.

Comments on the Week's News

Belgium

Militancy Misfired

A Special Correspondent writes: The decision by the Socialist trade unions in Belgium to call a general strike in protest against the right-wing coalition government's economic *Loi Unique* seems to have been a political one in the sense that it was aimed at forcing the resignation of the government rather than securing any particular industrial gain. As such it was (regardless of its merits) revolutionary in concept, and it depended for success on united action by the whole working class. For a few days, despite the reluctance of the Catholic unions, this seemed possible: both the Catholics and the small right-wing minority of Liberal unions are aggrieved by the government's economic proposals. But on Tuesday the Catholics formally reaffirmed their refusal to participate in strike action. The result is by no means an end to the trouble. As we go to press, Belgium is still in violent crisis and troops are still being recalled from Germany for internal security duties. But the Socialists are now politically, if not yet geographically, isolated. Having failed to bring the public services to an effective standstill, they are intensifying their efforts in the mining, steel and cement industries of the south, and have even had successes in the north. But it still seems unlikely that M. van Eyskens's existing Liberal (Tory in British terms)-Christian Social (Catholic centre) coalition will be replaced in the foreseeable future by the only real alternative, a Christian Social-Socialist coalition; and one of the rare examples of European Socialist militancy seems likely to end in bitterness and frustration. Nevertheless the government, though granted a breathing space, has little on which to congratulate itself. Belgium, which is at all times dangerously divided in both language and religion, is suffering nationally from a post-Congo neurosis compounded of guilt, humiliation and financial loss. At no time since King Leopold's abdication has this precariously balanced country been so severely rocked by sectarian, racial and political fission.

The Roads

A Slight Improvement

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Certainly there has been a reduction in road deaths this Christmas compared with last. This year's provisional total as known at mid-week covers Scotland, as well as England and Wales. It also includes deaths which, though they occurred within the four days, resulted from earlier accidents. Yet, at 109 it is 38 less than last year's provisional figure which was for England and Wales alone and included only deaths occurring in the four-day period which were caused by accidents in that period. A true comparison with the total at this time last year of 147 would probably be nearer 90 than 109. Although this is still a grievously high figure – comparable totals for 1956 to 1959 are 67, 86, and 98 – it at least shows that the recent trend has been reversed, despite the continued increase in the number of cars on the road. Some of the credit for this month must go to the better weather over the holiday period; but it would be stupid to minimise the effect of the exceptionally sustained publicity on television and radio and in the press, especially in the *Daily Mirror*. In the Thirties, Hore Belisha was able to demonstrate how road deaths diminished during one of his publicity campaigns and rose again as the publicity diminished: and, with that in mind, Mr Marples should now consider how television and radio can be used for a drive, not just at Christmas, but through the year. Regular talks and warnings would be helpful; but it would be even better if such popular serials as *Emergency Ward Ten* and *Dixon of Dock Green* more often used road accident material in their scripts and if the popular idols came to be positively identified with road safety – as, indeed, PC George Dixon already is. In the course of time, such a persistent campaign could make us all conscious of the fact that dangerous driving, drunken or otherwise, is a social crime; and though that would not end road deaths, it would diminish them.

Central Africa

The Christmas Truce

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The three Central African conferences have adjourned after little more than preliminary skirmishes. It is now generally recognised that the future of the federal organisation itself will largely depend on the outcome of the other two conferences, those on the Southern and Northern Rhodesian constitutions. African opposition to federation remains unmodified, though the first contact ever made between the leading white politicians and the black leaders may have brought a little better common understanding. When the conference reconvenes in the new year, it is just possible that this personal contact, together with the gradual seeping into the European communities of the knowledge that sooner or later Africans are going to rule, may make franker talks possible.

It is in the two territorial conferences, however, that most progress has been made. The bad start to the Southern Rhodesian talks, when Sir Edgar Whitehead excluded the African leader, Joshua Nkomo, was redressed after personal discussions between the two. Sir Edgar would be very unwise, however, to believe that any amount of talking will remove the hard purpose of African nationalism. Mr Nkomo has taken his political life in his hands by agreeing to such talks and by his conciliatory attitude to the man who has imprisoned so many Africans. Unless this attitude is matched by a totally new approach to the Africans by the Southern Rhodesian government, this conciliation will quickly dissolve again into violent hostility.

The Africans in Northern Rhodesia have now had their long overdue opportunity to state clearly to Mr Macleod their constitutional proposals. These largely follow on the lines of the Nyasaland agreement, including a majority in the Legislative Council with reserved seats for minorities, but going farther than Nyasaland in claiming a majority in the Executive also. Probably Mr Kaunda and Mr Nkumbula, rival African leaders, will be prepared to settle temporarily for the Nyasaland model. Whether the British authorities could then hold the violent European reaction on the copperbelt is an issue which must also be faced.

Yet even if both these territorial conferences achieve compromise agreements this still leaves the issue of what will happen to federation. In spite of all the personal meetings and talks there seems no doubt that Africans in all three territories have every intention of using any increased territorial powers to insist on a break-up of the federal system. If this proves to be the case, nothing can hold federation together other than force. There has been a tendency during the last few weeks for the British government yet again to turn back towards a committal on federation. This is the path to disaster.

Communism

News from Tartary

PAUL IGNOTUS *writes*: Students of eastern European affairs may remember a pre-war publication sponsored by Admiral Horthy's government, *The Hungarian Quarterly*, well got-up, luxurious without showiness, in good English tradition, more English indeed than the English themselves. It was calculated to stress the similarities between the English and Hungarian constitution, taste and way of life.

It may be a welcome surprise to the friends of pre-war Hungary that Mr Kadar's Hungary has now revived that publication in its appealing old lay-out and, to a large extent, in its old spirit. In the first number of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* (Corvina Press, Budapest, 3s 6d) the editor, Mr Iván Boldizsár, pays a generous tribute to his predecessors, a tribute which may strike as hypocritical some British observers who only knew him as the foreign press chief of a Communist government, but which may ring quite genuine to Hungarians who knew him as a right-wing journalist at the beginning of his career. The composition of the bulky volume reflects his many-sided elastic mind.

There are some quite valuable contributions, neither revolutionary nor counter-revolutionary in any sense, for the benefit of the students of arts, science, and history; and only some few pages, not excessive in proportion, couched in painful propaganda jargon. An average piece and most typical perhaps, is the detailed account of *A Cooperative Village*. Once upon a time, there was a village,

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Egerszalok, whose life can best be evoked by quoting folksongs. Then came the Liberation and Land Reform; and today the peasants keep their babies in 'windowed prams', which compare favourably with their former cradles. There seems to be no crude exaggeration in this description; the admission that there are still grave unsolved problems is repeated to the extent of monotony. But one cannot help thinking all the time of what has been skipped. No word of anybody but Communists who opposed that old régime. Nor a hint at the fact that the Communist Minister of Agriculture who implemented the Land Reform in 1945 was Imre Nagy, who first fell out with his comrades because he defended the peasants against forced collectivisation. No hint of Nagy's two premierships, when the peasantry was given a chance to abandon the Kolchozi. Events like these cannot apparently be traced in the Egerszalók archives.

Altogether *The New Hungarian Quarterly* should be appreciated as a sympton of the efforts towards co-existence and of their present-day limitations. To evaluate it, the British reader might perhaps imagine his country under Communist rule, with himself as a refugee in New York. A London publication would reach him, styled ostentatiously on the pattern of erstwhile Chatham House documents, reverently quoting Winston Churchill's words, that the two great nations of the English speaking world must unite in majesty and peace, whilst keeping such 'indecent' expressions of controversy as the NEW STATESMAN under perpetual anathema. The British refugee might be thankful to be bombarded with this high-falutin' stuff rather than with nuclear warheads. But he might venture to doubt both the intellectual honesty of the method and its long-term efficacy.

Libraries

Arts for the Ratepayer

A Correspondent writes: Arnold Wesker's campaign for trade union aid to the arts needs to be matched by another to induce local authorities to use the powers they already possess. It is easy to make jokes about Town Hall Culture, but in fact the more enlightened councils already underpin the work of the Arts Council by organising concerts, exhibitions and other occasions of this kind. If all local councils would devote merely the product of a penny rate to such objects they could produce an annual fund of at least £2.5 million.

Much could be done with this amount of money, as the St Pancras Council has shown in recent years. It spends only three-fifths of a penny rate – just under £10,000 a year – but it has promoted an impressive range of activities through its library committee, which has extended its interests beyond the provision of normal library services. Last year, with its help, a Donizetti opera was presented; so were modern operas by Blacher and Milhaud, a concert version of *Idomeneo*, Haydn's *Il Mondo della Luna* and his oratorio, *The Seasons*. There were other concerts, including a Bruckner series, a Czech dance group and Ram Gopal's company. Help was given to a new little theatre in the borough, to film shows, to exhibitions by local artists. Some of these performances were given in the course of the admirable annual festival in February and March.

These functions serve a wider audience than the ratepayers of St Pancras. But London's cultural life would be much richer if all the metropolitan boroughs were as generous, and much could be done in areas outside London if municipal bodies were more imaginative. Despite the attractions of TV – which seems to be affecting the reader of fiction and thrillers more than of serious books – there is a growing demand for modern library services. In St Pancras, one-fifth of the total population uses the library, and those who do borrow an average of 45 books a year, as well as drawing on its reference facilities and its stock of gramophone records. All this, at a net cost of £88,000 a year, reveals the resources and the opportunities that local authorities possess – if they care to use them.

Consumers

Hard at It

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes:* When television first became a mass habit it was widely assumed that it appealed to the more passive, if not actually the moronic, *stratum* of the population. It has become increasingly hard to sustain this belief now almost every urban home has its TV set, but it has died hard. There was never, in fact, any evidence that it was true. Surveys done at various times and places in the United States had already suggested the reverse. Now British experience points the same way.

There is, for example, a survey undertaken for ATV among the six million adults covered by its service from Birmingham. This confirms that, far from being lethargic, the owner of a TV set is more likely to be harder at it – in this respect, primarily, as a consumer – than his neighbour who lacks a set. The survey has some shortcomings – for obvious reasons the comparative data on BBC viewers is limited, and no information of value is given about the 25 per cent of the population which did not have sets or receive commercial programmes. One can conclude from some of the tables that the average income of the non-ITV group is somewhat above the two lowest groups (D & E) used in the survey, for it has a higher percentage of car and telephone owners in it. But one would like to know more about this group, not least because its buying habits differ significantly from those of ITV viewers – and possibly for reasons other than the advertising to which the latter are exposed.

ITV homes buy more soap, detergents, cereals, foodstuffs and cleaning materials than those without ITV. This is not just a matter of income. For, among ITV homes, the poorer families buy more than the better-off of the 20 commodities listed, with the exception of coffee, frozen foods, marmalade and packet soups – all of which seem to be class indicators like sherry and port. The ITV man smokes more: 58 per cent of them are cigarette smokers as against 44 per cent in non-ITV homes. He drinks more beer, spirits, wine and mineral waters, and eats more sweets. His wife is more likely to own a vacuum cleaner (79 per cent as against 50 per cent) or a washing machine (45:17 per cent) and will certainly spend rather more on household furnishings and cosmetics.

These differences run to a similar pattern through almost all commodities. But cars and petrol show a curious deviation. The percentage of car-owners who buy Austin products is almost the same in ITV and non-ITV homes. Ford, however, claim 26 per cent of the cars in the ITV homes and only nine per cent among non-ITV families, while Morris cars reverse this proportion, with only 11 per cent in ITV homes and 26 among non-ITV. This is not a matter of income: it may be a matter of sex and age, for Austin is favoured by women, the single and the middle-aged. It is, so to speak, the spinster schoolteacher's car. Similarly, Shell and Esso take almost equal shares of the petrol market for ITV watchers, but Shell sells almost twice as well as Esso among those who do not watch ITV.

These figures will certainly give comfort to the advertising managers of commercial TV stations. But they also give rise to a number of sociological questions that are not easy to answer. One notes, for instance, that these same ITV families, hard at it in the shops, also take more newspapers and magazines than non-ITV homes. The survey, in fact, raises again the whole problem of social apathy. Who are the non-doers, and why are they inactive?

Shetland

Cold War Story

A Special Correspondent writes: Vladimir Bogdanov, a 22-year-old fishermen from the Soviet trawler *Kotlas*, has returned to sea after an appendicitis operation in Lerwick hospital. No shipmate went with him to hospital, no friend sat at his bedside, there were no callers to inquire after his condition. The hospital staff diagnosed Vladimir's complaint and helped him convalesce with the aid of a Russian dictionary. In short, it appears that the Iron Curtain which three years ago banged down in Shetland is to remain down – a pity, because during recent weeks the largest-ever Soviet fishing fleet has turned up between Shetland and the Faroes, about 1,000 trawlers, tankers and depot ships.

Immediately after the war when the Russian fleet first appeared off Shetland their crews maintained a stony-faced silence towards the islanders. On the rare occasions when a Russian ship put into Lerwick, to take on water or land someone for hospitalisation, there were only the curtest meetings between a Russian officer and local doctors or officials. There was not even a smile from anyone on board the Russian vessels for local people standing on the quayside. If the skipper of a Shetland fishing boat hailed a Russian at sea no answer was ever given.

Gradually, however, both sides became accustomed to each other. Eventually a Russian vessel tying up in Lerwick harbour ceased to be a signal for the entire town to hurry *en masse* to the quayside. Friendliness came casually. Among the Russians may have been a feeling of appreciation for good hospitalisation generously given; among the Shetlanders the native fellow-feeling of one seafaring people towards another and a desire to offer some of the creature comforts to men spending three or four winter months amid the rigours of near-Arctic waters.

The first tentative steps towards friendliness came from the Russians. After the death of Stalin smiles were returned and boats spoke to one another at sea. As confidence grew, more positive approaches were made. On one occasion the local shipping agent at Lerwick, who acted on behalf of the Russians, was busy with a friend settling details of the annual Up-Helli-Aa festival. Their discussion was interrupted by a message from the harbour that a Russian tanker was alongside. The agent went at once to the harbour accompanied by his friend. The Russian made no attempt to stop the friend who hurried up the gangplank behind the agent. On the following day the friend brought another friend, the latter armed with a pile of illustrated magazines. The donor of the magazines invited an unspecified number of Russians to visit his home, and, rather to his surprise, several days later four Soviet fishermen did turn up to sample and enjoy Shetland hospitality.

This was the first of thousands of reciprocal ship-shore visits and marked the point at which the Iron Curtain in Shetland lifted completely. Many Russians arrived in Lerwick with long shopping lists, prepared by their womenfolk, and called on the assistance of male Shetland friends to help them make their purchases. As a result Shetland shopgirls became quite accustomed to being pointed out as having dimensions similar to some wife or fiancée back home on the shores of the White Sea or the Baltic. In fact, such an intimacy was struck up that verbal messages were regularly being passed from Russia to Shetland and vice-versa. A sick fisherman who hoped to return in a month or two would send his greetings to friends in Lerwick.

Then, one day in the summer of 1957, all this suddenly stopped. When Erick Teayn, an Estonian seaman from the Soviet fleet, successfully evaded a posse of Russian fishermen sent ashore on Shetland to bring him back after he had sought political asylum, an end was put to the remarkable spirit of friendliness which had sprung up between Shetlanders and Soviets. Since that day the Iron Curtain has been down. No longer may a jovial party of Russian fishermen and Shetlanders 'hot it up' on board a Soviet trawler. Erick Teayn, while seeking freedom, unwittingly rung down the Curtain, disrupting one of the most remarkable, certainly one of the least known, examples of fraternisation between East and West to be found anywhere. The fact that this year Vladimir Bogdanov arrived unsmiling, remained unvisited and departed unsmiling seems in its way symbolic of current feelings in the Cold War.

Fleet Street

Forward to 1961

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* There are few people in Fleet Street who will not be glad to see the back of 1960. Whatever the new year may bring, and there are still a couple of Sunday papers and one daily whose longevity no actuary in his senses would care to gamble on as a certainty, 1961 is hardly likely to match the death rate of the old. Indeed with the *Sunday Telegraph* due this February with a first print order of over half a million, the national press is for the first time for four decades being added to rather than diminished – and added to, significantly, in the 'quality' rather than 'popular' field. This evidence of faith in the trend towards more serious newspaper reading has solid ground to rest on in the increased circulation of *The Times*, the *Guardian* and the *Telegraph* itself (now at a record of over 1,288,000), as well as in the unbroken and even more remarkable rise of the *Sunday Times*, which is now above the million mark, and the *Observer*, which is up to three quarters of a million. Add to this the fact that the best of the more solid provincial morning papers like the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Liverpool Post*, the *Birmingham Post* and the *Western Mail* all appear to be improving their positions, and there seems little doubt that more of us are beginning to take our news seriously.

To do so, however, still remains very much a minority task – engaging only about one in ten of the readers of national morning newspapers and something under seven per cent of those who like a good read on Sunday. Still, the trend is there and, although there is still a certain amount of head shaking, my own expectation is that it will prove sufficiently strong and sufficiently constant to enable the *Sunday Telegraph* to carve out a very healthy piece for itself without seriously affecting the sales of either the *Sunday Times* or the *Observer*. Present plans are that it will be around 24 pages in size, leaving stockbrokers and others who want to get in some serious golf on Sundays more time to do so than is left to them by either of the other two – the *Sunday Times* is actually going to be larger still in the New Year. The kind of readership aimed at is to be very much the same as that of the *Daily Telegraph*, and in addition to a pretty comprehensive coverage of international news supported by background features, the new paper will be particularly strong in its reporting of the better-class sports.

It is not only in the quality press that changes are pending in 1961. Coincident with its removal to the grand new building it has been erecting for itself in Holborn, and from which Mr Cecil King will have a panoramic view of London unequalled since Lord Beaverbrook stopped entertaining his friends in a flat on the top floor of the old *Daily Express* building, the *Daily Mirror* is to have a new editor. This is quite an occasion, for Jack Nener, the present incumbent, has occupied his editorial chair for a longer period than any other currently functioning popular daily newspaper editor in Fleet Street – seven years: which gives some idea of the hazardous nature of the editorial profession. He is to move to somewhat quieter pastures as a director of the Mirror-Pictorial group and be succeeded as editor of the *Mirror* by the present editor of the *Sunday Pictorial*, who has managed during his period of office to make that paper even less political and more sensational than he found it, an achievement calling for a good deal of dedicated ability. This does not, however, necessarily foreshadow any particular changes in the *Mirror*. In the new building as in the old it is Mr King and Mr Hugh Cudlipp who will really decide what *Mirror* readers want.

Meanwhile we shall all have to get ready to pay more for our popular papers as the new year gets going. The popular Sundays are all to go up in price from 4d to 5d in a fortnight's time, the popular dailies from 2½d to 3d in March. This is a reflection of the rising costs which continue to face all newspapers and which, although the government could not be persuaded to interest itself in the facts during the recent debate, had so large a part in the high newspaper mortality rate of 1960. Even the most successful of the popular newspapers are beginning to feel the effect of such rising costs. This is why they have at last agreed to a price rise which, if it had come earlier, might have done something to save the *News Chronicle*.

Even at 3d the popular dailies will still be selling at a subsidised price, but the increase may make the subsidy required from advertisers a little less than it has been and thus ease a little the strain on those who command insufficient millions of readers to be a 'must' in every big advertiser's schedule. Even those who are in this happy position have begun to feel the effect of consistently rising production costs on profits. Thus, Beaverbrook Newspapers, which scored record circulations and record advertising revenue in the last financial year, found nevertheless that profits had fallen slightly – from £1,910,000 to £1,848,000. This was despite the fact that advertisers paid just on £10.5m for space in its columns during the 12 months, an increase of over 22 per cent.

The African Revolution

JOHN HATCH

The African continent has lived through a year of revolution in 1960. Yet this revolution has not been of the conventional Leninist character; rather has it stood Leninism on its head – as the Communist parties meeting in Moscow recognised when they gave priority to the creation of 'national independent democracies. Some 17 new independent states have been hewn out of the most 'colonialist' continent during the past 12 months. Economically there is probably not one of them but would have been better off by remaining dependent. But in the drive to independence, political emotions have proved stronger than economic interests.

The year 1960 has been the climax of a decade. During the past 10 years Ghana, Guinea, Libya, Morocco, Sudan and Tunisia brought their colonial rule to an end, lighting the fuse of political consciousness which brought the explosions of 1960. Its effects are not yet exhausted; soon Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, Zanzibar, Ruanda-Urundi and Gambia will be swept on to the same goal. Then will come a pause. The citadels of the Central African states, the Portuguese and Spanish colonies, and the Union of South Africa, are more strongly held, but they too will go. And, meanwhile, the Algerian struggle goes on.

Africa is thus ridding itself of European political control. The seed of nationalism was planted by the European colonial powers themselves who – the Belgians and Portuguese being notable exceptions – transplanted their own political institutions to their African colonies. From Europe too came the ideas of separate nationhood and popular participation in government. These ideas have been turned against the colonisers, but most of the institutions remain, simply with black instead of white faces behind the desks. The revolution is essentially political; no really new economic or social forms have yet resulted from it, and Africa remains basically the same at the end of this revolutionary year, the life of its masses hardly affected. The major changes lie ahead.

Independence has not come to Africa primarily as a result of mass movements revolting against social and economic conditions, but rather from the rapid spread of the nationalist anti-colonial fever fostered by comparatively small groups of politicians. The slogan 'one man one vote' has meant political control for its own sake; it has rarely been seen as a means of changing economic or social conditions. As a consequence there are virtually no mass parties, organisations or trade unions in the continent. The parties which have been established are usually intensely nationalistic, dominated by intellectuals, though not only by the highly educated; they have acted as the spokesmen of anti-colonialism, using the vague mass-felt hostility towards alien rule as a force in the background with which to persuade or coerce colonial governments into withdrawal. Immediately before and after independence is achieved the first task of these parties has been to create amongst the masses those factors which create national feeling – the concept of unity, a common language, culture, religion, and the mystique of national boundaries – so as to deepen the sense of nationality. Thus, as a result of this past, Pan-Africanism exists as a vague sentiment, but the 17 new states are a reality, each developing its own entity.

What is more, although the impulse towards independence sprang from a European political outlook and the newly-independent countries usually have taken over the colonial institutions, the form which they take under African control is likely to diverge from European paths. Whilst the general principles of parliamentary democracy, with a government and an opposition, are usually accepted at the time of independence, it is not long before all this apparatus is found to be too unwieldy and sometimes too dangerous for the effort of creating new African states. To attain independence demands national unity; it is natural that opposition to the group which has won independence is often considered treason.

Single-party systems, therefore, are tending to become common in this new Africa. Guinea began with one; Ghana is fast approaching the same position; Tanganyika may soon follow suit. Both Nigeria and Kenya are at present outstanding exceptions, but each of them, largely because political organisation has to a great extent followed tribal lines and tribalism, commands a higher loyalty than nationalism. It would be wrong to consider, however, that a single-party system is necessarily undemocratic. Provided that wide opportunities are given within the party for discussion, debate and division, this system may even promote a greater participation in political life than the European multi-party system.

In Tanganyika, for example, because the nationalist organisation has been so successful, there is at present no room for opposition to it. Here discussion of needs, and indeed of rival policies, comes best within a single national party and any opposition movement would weaken the national effort essential to build a strong, healthy community life. Rival parties are most likely to develop when there is sufficient national wealth to allow argument about its distribution.

The far greater danger arises from sheer Balkanisation. The 17 new states created in 1960 range in population from the half-million of Gabon to nearly 40 million in Nigeria. Such an invitation to economic and political fratricide is bound to handicap progress towards balanced, ordered society in the continent. This danger has, of course, been seen by many of the most prominent African leaders. Attempts to combat it are to be seen in the moves towards Ghana-Guinea union, and the attempted confederation of ex-French Equatorial Africa. The fact that Ghana and Guinea have made little progress with their union; that the Mali Federation quickly split into the separate states of Senegal and Sudan; that the economies of Ghana, Guinea and Mali are competitive and that their union was formed as a reaction to the association of the other French-speaking states; and that wealthy Gabon refused to join the Equatorial confederation, reveal the difficulties, but in no way minimise the importance of the principle.

Nor should it be supposed that the intense hostility shown by Africans to the British Central Africa Federation stems from any opposition on their part to the principle of federation. It comes simply from their conviction that this federation is in reality an attempt to push the area of white domination north from the Cape to the Congo. They see the stake in this African centre of gravity to be the decision whether *apartheid* is to hold sway over the whole southern half of the continent, or to be confined to a beleaguered garrison in the southernmost tip. But they are looking with eager eyes to the imaginative possibility held out by Julius Nyerere of a greater federation of African states.

This past year, therefore, has cleared away most of the outdated colonial regimes, replaced white with black masters, and established a large number of new political states. Paradoxically, this drive towards independence in politics is taking place at a time when economic movement is in the opposite direction. Most of Africa's economy has been far too 'independent' in the past, cut off from the markets and sources of the rest of the world. Three states, South Africa, the Central African Federation and the ex-Belgian Congo, still export more than half the total exports of the continent. A vast gulf remains fixed between the wealth of the mineral and industrial producing pockets of the continent and the huge rural areas.

It is quite impossible for Africa itself to create the huge capital funds essential to build even the elementary foundations of a modern economic life. At the very moment when Africa is rejecting political rule from overseas, she is feverishly searching for sources of overseas capital investment. It may be argued that African self-rule will increase the social allocation of revenue; it can hardly be held to increase total revenues. Sharpeville, the Salisbury and Bulawayo riots, the Congo tragedy, threats to the future of Europeans after independence, do not help this search. The Africans would like all capital to be provided through international agencies, preferably through the United Nations. As long as this is not possible, they will try to balance aid from America and the West with whatever they can get from Russia, China and the East. But clearly planned methods of using such aid are strikingly absent.

Three lessons should be drawn from this analysis. First, it is understanding, not moral judgments, which Africa needs today. The West will destroy its influence in the continent if it myopically equates one-party systems with totalitarianism. The essential principle is that personal freedom should be jealously guarded and energetically extended; in present circumstances the single party may well provide wider, more constructive participation than the conflict of opposing parties. Secondly, it must be realised that the thin dividing line between 'exploitation' and 'development' is usually psychological. Whether capital comes through the United Nations, from other governments, or from private enterprise, it must be seen and felt by Africans to be clean of any neo-colonial taint. Thirdly, it is to be hoped that the disastrous experiences of both West and East in the Congo will have convinced them that to introduce the Cold War into Africa will antagonise Africans, induce chaos and tragedy, and could easily lead to world war.

If the African continent, with responsibility now largely on African shoulders, is to face and conquer the massive problems of a primitive society in a space age, it must be insulated against the hostilities of international power politics. Otherwise, the hopes born during the past year out of the conclusion of the imperialist age will be soured, and Africa will become the kind of festering sore on which the disease of international conflict so readily feeds.

The Two Nations of Algeria

JEAN DANIEL

(Chief Foreign Correspondent of L'Express)

On the outskirts of Algiers there is a magnificent low-cost dormitory suburb, which the one-time liberal mayor of the city, Jacques Chevalier – who was also a minister in Mendès-France's government – had designed and built. These buildings, owned by the municipality, were completed in 1953 – on the eve of the revolt – with a two-fold purpose: they were designed to replace part of the slums, the *bidonvilles*, and at the same time as an experiment in Franco-Arab community living. Chevalier, who had succeeded in getting Europeans and Arabs to work together in the municipal administration, wanted the rank and file of the two communities to live together also, and the flats were allocated to young families of both races on a strictly egalitarian basis. The project was called 'the suburb of fulfilled promises' – the pledge being to build flats for those who needed them, irrespective of their origin or colour.

The revolt came; and in this area at least, good-neighbourliness survived. No doubt the mayor had been careful to select less racially-minded Europeans as his tenants. No doubt also the Arabs, to some extent, concealed their feelings. But whatever the reasons, life went on as before. The two communities met in the lifts, they had the same day-to-day preoccupations, they borrowed the odd pound of sugar – or even a Mixmaster – and their children played together in the gardens. One of the inhabitants I knew well: a European teacher, a *pieds-noirs*, whose family went back to the early days of European settlement, and who had Arab guests in his flat virtually every evening. They discussed everything, including the future of Algeria, for a good two years after the fighting began. The teacher and his guests did not agree, by a long way; but their arguments were transcended by the feeling that they were 'condemned to live together' – as Camus has put it. Or, to borrow the title of Germaine Tillion's new book, they were 'complementary enemies'.

No doubt during these years life in the suburb changed quite a lot. The two communities watched each other. The Arab children had, from time to time, to tell their young European friends that their parents had been arrested; and the Europeans, as happened in many cases, approved of the arrests – but gave shelter to the children. Often, during the day, these Europeans took part in racial demonstrations – even of a violent and bloody kind – but when, in the evening, they returned to the suburb and saw that 'pacification' had touched one of their Arab neighbours, they were often ready to intervene in his or her favour. After the 'Battle of Algiers' in 1957, when General Massu and his men went through the city with a vicious fine-tooth comb; and after 13 May 1958, when 'fraternisation' was fashionable, the European residents shared a feeling of victory, and were in the mood for generous gestures – even sacrifice. The Arabs, their morale undermined by terror, hid their feelings, and behaved ostensibly like good neighbours. From this began a progressive self-deception among the European community: they ended by believing what they wanted to be told – what they needed to be told.

What did they want to be told? That the FLN was a tiny minority. That it represented nobody; that in any event it had been broken. That it was only the Parisian intellectuals who kept the rebels going. That in fifty years all the Arabs could be transformed into good, loyal Frenchmen. That if it weren't for the hesitations – and then the outright treason – of de Gaulle, their Arab neighbours could be hermetically sealed off from the malign influence of the outside world.

When, last January, the European rising showed that there was a deep division between the Europeans and the Army on the one hand, and the President of the Republic on the other, the Arabs remained passive. Despite all the efforts of de Gaulle's officials, who wanted the Arabs to demonstrate peaceably against the European extremists, they stayed indoors. The *ultras* were so blinded by their wishful thinking that they took this Arab passivity as a matter of course; indeed, if anything, they were irritated by the failure of the Arabs to join them on the barricades. From 13 May 1958, the strangulation of a race stunned by ruthless oppression had produced a form of inert quietism, which was really an expression of an intense desire for peace, but which many – the Europeans – thoughtlessly interpreted as friendship.

Then came the notorious week of 9 to 13 December 1960. General de Gaulle visited Algeria. European riots took place, and detonated an Arab rising. We now know exactly what caused it. The *ultras* had decided that the quietism of last January would not be repeated; and they determined to force the Algerian shopkeepers to take part in the general strike they had ordered. In their fury when they discovered that the Arabs, on the contrary, were deliberately keeping their shops open, the Europeans proceeded to mount 'punitive expeditions', of a horror and savagery which, even in Algiers, had rarely been exceeded. Arab bakers were suffocated in their new dough; café-waiters were riddled with machine-gun bullets; children were seized as hostages: these and equally barbarous incidents took place on the first day of the riots. The reaction of the Arabs was on a comparable scale of savagery: two Europeans are known to have had their heads hacked off with axes. The Gaullist officers who had decided, on this occasion, to allow the Arabs to raise their voices – on the naive assumption that this would take the convenient form of a 'left-wing Gaullist' demonstration – were soon swept away by events.

And what, then, did the European people of the 'suburb of the fulfilled promises', see? They saw groups of their neighbours, faces twisted in racial hatred, in bitterness, in desire for revenge. They heard cries of 'Arab Algeria' – a concept which excluded them, even for the future. They saw the green and white flags of the FLN flutter out on all sides. They heard, sung with full throats, the battle hymn of the Algerian revolution. They were thunderstruck. In one instant of time they were brought face to face with their true position: a minority in a Arab country held down only by force. The illusions collapsed; their eyes opened to the hate they had provoked – often unconsciously. What, then, could they do? Nothing: except get out of the suburb, fast. So there was a new spectacle: long, sad cohorts of European women and children, carrying their belongings, seeking refuge in the 'exclusively European' suburbs. It was the end of Chevalier's experiment.

And so we are brought back to the hard question: how can these two nations live together? This has always been the real, the fundamental problem of the war. If Algeria is unique, if in all Africa it is a problem *sui generis*, it is because of this. Even today, when the march of events is itself imposing a solution, one is still brought up sharply by this question. The Europeans of Algeria do not consider themselves Fenchmen like the rest, nor Algerians – like the 'other' Algerians.

Curiously enough, the man who first appears to have grasped this is neither Algerian nor French. When Ferhat Abbas and his delegation paid their visit to China, their meeting with Mao Tse-tung led to an extraordinary conversation. Not only did Mao show himself to be exceptionally well-informed about events in Algeria, but he showed detailed concern about the way in which the FLN would approach peace-talks.

He told Ferhat Abbas that his insistence on the principles of complete independence and sovereignty must be absolute. But he also told him that a revolution must necessarily involve all the inhabitants of a country, without exception – that all were 'redeemable', that violence to liquidate dissidents or even outright enemies must only be the last resort; and finally, that in the particular case of Algeria, the non-Arabs were a crucial element in the equation. This, indeed, has always been the attitude of the French and Algerian CPs; but if the Algerian Communists have derived some credit from Iron Curtain support for the FLN, their methods have rarely been adopted by the rebel leaders. Mao was more farsighted. He told Abbas: either you succeed in integrating a part of the European population in your ideological revolution, or you risk partition – either through negotiation or through internationalisation of the conflict. Abbas was impressed, as he told a few close friends, by Mao's lucidity; and he did not differ from his conclusions.

Naturally, the problem cannot be solved simply by saying that, in negotiations leading to independence, the Frenchmen who want to leave will leave, and that those who agree to stay will become loyal and zealous servants of the new Algerian state. A whole century of suspicion has to be overcome. Moreover, while the working-class Frenchmen of Tunisia and Morocco never really felt at home across the Mediterranean, the same cannot be said for the Algerian whites, who for generations have regarded French sovereignty as part of the natural order of existence.

Indeed, one can be certain only of one thing: the transition will be long, and it must be internationally guaranteed. General de Gaulle, faced with this problem of transition, has attempted to devise a system of provisional institutions, which will divide Algeria, Balkanise it, in effect reduce it to impotent fragments, thus permitting a form of neo-

NEXT WEEK

Love among the Russians
by ALEXANDER WERTH

Damn the Authors !
by J. B. PRIESTLEY

A Walk with Mr Betjeman
by TOM DRIBERG

colonialism to maintain it in tutelage. That this is unacceptable to the FLN can be more readily grasped when we remember that the rebels were not even consulted; and that even if de Gaulle does finally talk with them – and this is by no means certain – they will be forced if only for tactical reasons to oppose his solution. De Gaulle, in turn, feels obliged to oppose any system of international guarantees – and since the UN stalemate in the Congo, such an attitude is popular. For who can give guarantees in this case? Africa? This would not amount to much. For African unity is as yet little more than a psychological attitude, a mystique, belied by the sombre realities of African disintegration.

But if, for the moment, we must abandon the logical solution of international guarantees – a solution to which, in the end, we must return – there still remains one rational, practical approach: a ten-year transition plan, jointly agreed by France, on the one hand, and by the three Arab states of the Magreb on the other. For Tunisia and Morocco are themselves part of the conflict: they are the inevitable allies of the FLN, which, in turn, will be more inclined to place its faith in a contract which they underwrite. At any rate, an arrangement on these lines seem indispensable – once France itself grasps that the moment has come for a long-term solution.

London Diary

CRITIC

Readers may recall the extraordinary case of Claude Eatherly, who was the pathfinder when the first nuclear bomb was dropped on Japan. After the war he was welcomed in America as a national hero; but remorse at his part in the killing of a hundred thousand human beings gradually brought about a complete mental breakdown. He was given treatment in the psychiatric ward of an army hospital, and appears, like Ezra Pound, to have been more or less incarcerated there at the army's pleasure ever since. His escape from the hospital last month made headlines in the US. What was disturbing in the case was the possibility that Eatherly was perfectly sane and was being held not, as in Pound's case, to save him from a prosecution for treason, but to save the US army from political embarrassment. Eatherly has become in the past few years a passionate opponent of nuclear warfare of any kind. His public espousal of the unilateralist cause could, coming from such a man, have awakened doubts in many ordinary Americans as to the morality of the use of the Bomb in 1960 – as in 1945. It is to be hoped that the publicity given to Eatherly's escape and – I learn – recapture will persuade the American authorities to look into his case once again. It appears that Eatherly has been officially a civilian since 1947, but his lawyers' attempts to get him released from psychiatric detention have so far met with no success.

★ ★ ★

When Yul Brynner was telling us on the TV the other night about the fine, though belated, achievements of World Refugee Year (in which the British people played a disproportionate part), someone asked me why the TV and the press say so little about the good things happening in the world. Granted that people prefer to read about murder and sudden death and that they find war (in other people's countries) more exciting than peace, are there not disinterested and hopeful things that ought to be chalked up? Of course there are. The Afro-Asian revolutions are splendid events (if they don't lead to war), and in the Affluent State people are happier and, on the whole, better and more tolerant for being affluent. UNICEF does marvellous work, and enterprises like International Help for Children show how much individuals can still accomplish in giving the chance of a good life where there seemed to be none. The list could be indefinitely extended. But the brutal fact remains that politics overshadow everything. None of these fine endeavours can make more than a surface difference if the Cold War goes on. And the main reason why so many socially aware people hate politics today is that they used to hope that the good things they tried to do, including social betterment and the abolition of war, would be given a permanent and institutional basis through the advance of Socialism and international organisation. Because few people nowadays believe in progress here, more of them find relief in believing in a good world, and beyond the grave. For my part I believe, irrationally, that to seek truth and social advance are good things in themselves. The wheels of destiny turn; and the sparks that fly from them seem to me to be valuable, even if the end product is unknown.

★ ★ ★

One good thing. There will be no further call-ups under present National Service Acts. Surely it would only be decent to release from gaol the 91 conscientious objectors who were still in prison this Christmas. After all, to register as conscientious objector was legal as well as conscientious.

★ ★ ★

'The score now is 1-1', my friend was told in the camp near Magdeburg, where he went to inspect the West-East flow of German refugees – 'about 50,000 a year coming or returning to us, and about as many going the other way'. Not being gullible, my friend discovered that the ratio in fact is nearer 1-4. There are seldom less than 3,000 a week leaving Ulbricht's Germany for Adenauer's; more often 4,000. Up to November this year's official figure stood at 186,000, and in the last 11 years more than 2.5 millions have 'gone West'. In the other direction there is a steady trickle back. It consists of 60 per cent East-West refugees returning home and 40 per cent newcomers from the West. There are three other camps apart from the one my friend inspected. He saw about 300 refugees, and talked with some 20 or 30 of them.

★ ★ ★

They might be called the misfits and failures on the edge of the western 'miracle economy'. Almost all of them are refugees from the very real West German problem of expensive housing. They had all been earning less than DM 500 a month. Unable to afford the desirable brand new flats available at upwards of DM 100 or 150, they had been living in hovels. There were several young women who had left illegitimate children or broken marriages behind. One of them, pregnant again, was told that she would be given 500 marks on the birth of her child, and 1,000 if she had another one. She seemed very pleased by the prospect. One family man had left his own shop behind, somewhere near Hamburg, escaping from freely admitted bankruptcy. He had been in the camp for five weeks, for evidently the authorities were checking his case somewhat suspiciously. Normally, the process of screening, job-finding and housing takes a mere two weeks.

★ ★ ★

The East Germans especially like 'returners' to cross to their side. A DDR citizen, unprivileged in any way, might well better himself by going West, soon to return beating his breast and admitting the error of his ways. He will be forgiven, may well get a better job than he used to have, and he will almost certainly get one of those new, inexpensive flats (30 to 40 marks a month) which usually are only enjoyed by those of privileged jobs or status. In the camp inspected by my friend, the inmates were reasonably well accommodated and fed; and while almost all of them seemed to have come for personal and social rather than political reasons, there is, of course, a great deal of political indoctrination and consequently much 'sucking up' to the authorities. The returners, even more than the newcomers, know the kind of jargon likely to impress their new masters. My friend was told that the refugees include 'thousands of deserters' from the West Germany army. This was demonstrably untrue, but it followed naturally from the fact that every young man knows how to improve his standing in the East by voicing his abhorrence of the western army. It is a none too pleasing picture, yet it reveals some of the realities on both sides of Germany's dividing line. And the relatively most pleasing aspect is that the East German authorities are desperately keen on manpower for their slowly but steadily improving economy.

★ ★ ★

I see that Mr Antenor Patino is to lend the Bolivian nationalised tin industry £1,785,000, on condition that the government changes the divorce law, and so permits him to get rid of his wife. This sets up an interesting train of speculation. If I were a multi-millionaire, the Treasury in debt, and Mr Macmillan willing to strike a bargain, what price would I exact? I'd like the royal pictures at Windsor to be placed on permanent public exhibition – and the royal archives open to inspection by all reputable scholars (and the law forbidding Foreign Office documents being published for 50 years, and Cabinet records from *ever* being published should be changed too.) I'd like the Admiralty, as they've often promised, to knock down their hideous air-raid shelter, which ruins the Mall. I'd like a law banning private ownership of any part of the foreshore and a law to stop stag hunting. And what about a law debarring relatives and in-laws of Mr Macmillan from accepting public office? But I suspect that the Premier, no matter how generous my offer, would draw the line at this.

★ ★ ★

Punch, for once, had a hard-hitting satire for its last issue of the year – a souvenir number for the End of the World. But how near to the bone! On the same morning we learned that the Canadian Air Marshal Slemon was being feted for avoiding precisely that catastrophe on 5 October, the day when the radar system at Thule bounced its signals off the moon and reported that rockets were on their way from Siberia. No matter that the Americans claim credit for their General Kuter who was, in fact, away from the headquarters at Colorado Springs. The fact that someone kept his head only points the danger that another time someone may lose all our heads in a moment of panic.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It is about time a nicer word than 'Commoner' was found for those who are not of noble blood. It is particularly unpleasant to see this word continually used to describe Mr Antony Armstrong-Jones. – Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (R. J. Grant.)

I should love to see public conveniences for dogs and would gladly pay an extra rate levied for the purpose. What wonderful friendships could be struck up among owners (and dogs) as they waited! – Letter in *Walthamstow Guardian*. (Ray Lamb.)

A retired Baptist minister said yesterday that he was separated from his wife partly because she prayed aloud in Welsh. The Rev. ——, 83, added: 'When I asked her to pray in English – if she *had to* pray aloud – she resented it.' – *Daily Mail*. (Virginia Paul.)

Liken giant godless Russia to Goliath, and little Britain to David. Instead of his sling and pebble, David's weapon is the Polaris missile. – Letter in *Edinburgh Evening News*. (R. M. Simpson.)

On the three nights a week I go out with Fred, I don't wear my glasses, although I wear them the other four nights, when I go out with Bill. My mother says I'm being unfair to both boys – but I don't agree. I feel I'm a different girl when I'm with Fred – and I want to *look* different. – Letter in *Weekend Mail* (Eric Dinnie.)

A piano, removed from a Chatham public house for repair, has been found to contain three sailors' hats, a soldier's belt, four pint glasses, a package of sandwiches, 10 pennies and eight wine gums. – *Evening Standard* (E. Maunder.)

A Glimpse of India

V. S. PRITCHETT

Unpacking my suitcase in London after a fortnight in India I noticed a violent smell of spice; it came from my socks. A little of India sinks in a long way. For 14 days I think I was out of my mind. I was sane between Paris and Beirut, for the Air France *Caravelle* is the smoothest and quietest aircraft in the world, as soft and almost as silent as a white owl in the air; but at Beirut disturbing influences appeared. The hotel seemed to be in a Montmartre beside the sea. There were thousands of new cars. The dance bands were going in dozens of cabarets. The air was warm and a strange, sweet, dusty smell of vanilla came out of the basements.

Walking under the moon I was soon set upon by a young man called 'Jimmy the Freckless' – not 'freckled' or 'feckless', he insisted – who said he knew 'all the possibilities for gentlemans' and mentioned that the famous British King called George Line Out had had a wonderful time in Lebanon. We eventually agreed that this was Richard the Lion Heart.

There followed a night of mosquitoes. Beirut is a rich, balmy, booming town of new buildings with an eye to becoming a Riviera and with a strong British undertone: HP sauce on all tables; Anzac Harry's Bar with Dinkum Drinks and Food as Mother Cooked It; Windsor soup. One sees in Beirut what a smooth, fat, eye-rolling thing, incessant and eager, the Levant trade is; traders must go on selling in their sleep; every doorway is a limited company, and the Arab shop signs look like the enormous lush eyebrows of winking salesmen.

We flew at night to Teheran. From 33,000 feet we looked down at Baghdad in its night solitude, like a ring at the bottom of a black well. It was not a vast pincushion of scattered lights, but a beautiful isolated circlet made of two gold snakes, broken at the clasp by a dark wrist of water – the Tigris. From the air Baghdad looked as if it could have been worn. Distantly and high in the sky were the red flares of the oil wells.

At midnight Teheran was freezing. Two rich British workmen were insulting the barman because he did not speak English and sold tinned beer. 'Come off it, Ginger; bring out the bottles. We know you've got it' – real road to Mandalay stuff. And then eternity began; featureless and soundless. The trans-Asiatic jets flying between Tokio and London are almost always late. Seven sleepless hours in the transit hall of an ultra-modern airport are a foretaste of *Huis Clos*, the gleaming plastic contemporary hell. Impossible to sleep or read. Hours of air-conditioned silence among electrically lit indoor plants, the eunuchs of botany; a monotony that drink or the waltzing of a jet from Bangkok, screaming like a dentist's drill, relieves only for a couple of crawling minutes.

At the height of this silence, after an hour or two my name was called on the loud speaker. My name sounded beautiful. I rushed almost in tears to the deserted Customs Hall, to find a sad little imp who whispered to me 'Baksheesh'. That was all *Huis Clos* wanted of me. Hours later I was woken up by a sharp pain in the forehead. I had somehow got into the plane for Delhi. A long burning red band of light seared my eyes. It was the vermilion band of sunrise in mid-air over the brown floor of India. From that moment, I time my total entry into unreality that was to last 14 days.

'So this is your first visit to India. What is your impression please?' One hears the brisk Welsh-sounding twitter of Indian English. Peter Sellers, the Kipling of *The Man Who Would be King*, boy's books about Orientals and New Yorker jokes about turbans, first of all. E. M. Forster comes later, when someone says: 'You must remember our self-pity'. Asia and Europe are ridiculous in each other's eyes. Which are more farcical – my trousers or his bare arms or legs sticking out of a whirl of bedclothes?

'Good morning, father', a boy bows and says, playing a few notes. 'You buy a flute?'

'Sahib, sahib,' moans the stentorian beggar, jabbing his arm stump in your ribs.

'I am a fortune-telling palmist. I tell your mother's name. I tell you the name of the flower you are thinking about. God sees us. You break my heart', says the turbanned and bearded fortune teller, bellying forward. You write down the name of the flower. Independently, he writes down the name, also. You compare the two. My God, he is right! What has happened? Have you been hypnotised? Is he in touch with Higher Powers? Then you remember you were writing on his wallet. Carbon paper – what a blessing to magicians.

Yet these encounters are not for tourists only. In Old Delhi the fortune tellers and astrologers sit on the pavement with their books, their spectacles down their nose, and the women sit on the ground with them listening to the future. 'I've got a cobra,' a man dressed in bedclothes screams at you. His friend has. He is charming it out against a fence by the Red Fort. And as you gape, the dead are borne, shoulder-high on their biers at a rush through the traffic to be burned, and the living dead lie in their rags by the hundred, skeletons whose very heels look ravenous, sleeping on the burned out grass.

One is torn between laughter at the splendid turbanned men with hot-house beards who, dressed in all their laundry, yet are able to ride bicycles. Their eagerness, their innocence, their wheel wobbles are transporting. Your chauffeur gives them a push if they come too near in the traffic jam of rickshaws, tongas and buses. They buckle, they whirl, they curse – but they do not fall off.

Beautiful silver cows lie against garden walls and gaze at one with the self-possession of nudes by Botticelli. Literature, all you have read about India, is wiped out as you gape. You are elated because life is so expressively exposed – in Europe we are so used to squinting through our anxieties at what is before us – and by the frantic, eager, seeking, adhesive, blind-to-all-others concentration of each individual on the next half-minute of his life. It is desperately *his* life and nobody else's. These people are going to squeeze the last drop out of the last pip of the pomegranate.

After the flamingo sunset, when the dust hazes the evening air, the moon rises over the Red Fort and turns that rose-coloured wall into a frightening and silent enormity. The tall sentries at the gate might have been out of Hamlet and expecting a ghost to walk. For that matter, all the commissionaires of Delhi look like Emperors. It is surprising that the nights of old Delhi are soon dead. The population goes to bed very early. Many of their beds are in the street; there, on the pavements and doorways, the sleepers lie outside the closed shops. Only a few night birds crouched over their fires, or a few yellow lights shone through the sacking or the cracked boards of the shacks. The effect was sinister. As we drove through one night from shadow to shadow, the ragged driver of our tonga looked filthy and savage and more like a vulture than a human being and quite beyond comprehension. We paid him twice his fare out of pity. He had the nerve to ask for backsheesh on top of it; and spat at us: I suppose, for his honour's sake. One has to extend one's notions of what a human being is.

And then one emerges from Old Delhi and the tourist traps to the Delhi of the university, that eager excited, intelligent modern India which in 13 years has given itself a powerful injection of western civilisation. One meets a generation of young builders and makers. One passes the evenings among the brilliant, the gracious and the sensitive; people awake to the modern world and able to use

This England

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LONDON

1960—A YEAR IN TELEVISION

Associated-Rediffusion Drama and Feature Programmes

FROM the polished comedy of Wilde to the exploratory genius of Pinter; this has been the range of Associated-Rediffusion Drama productions during 1960. From the problems of the lonely to the split personality of modern Japan; this has been the scope of Associated-Rediffusion Feature programmes. In Drama as in Features Associated-Rediffusion has aimed at infinite variety, both in subject matter and in interest.

Associated-Rediffusion Drama Programmes 1960

Plays by Associated-Rediffusion are selected solely for their quality as television plays. There is no bias as to topic or treatment, age or experience of authors. During the year, 43 'Play of the Week' and 'Television Playhouse' productions were presented by Associated-Rediffusion. Of these, forty were by British authors, two by Americans and one by a Spaniard. An essential part of the policy is to encourage new talent to write for the television medium. Mike Watts, the author of 'The Pot Carriers', was one of the new television playwrights who saw their first play on television, produced by Associated-Rediffusion, during 1960.

Television Playhouse–60 minutes:

The Man Who Could Find Things	*Paul Lee*
Incident	*Arden Winch*
The English Captain	*Stanley Miller*
Song of Louise In The Morning	*Patricia Joudry*
Breakaway	*David Waller*
At Home	*Paul Jones*
Once A Crook	*E. Price/K. Attiwill*
Each Wind That Blows	*Pamela Llewelyn*
A Moment In The Sun	*Peter Watling*
The Ostrich	*Elizabeth Dawson*
Margaret Moves On	*Ronald Kinnoch*
Moment Of Milo	*John O'Toole*
After The Party	*Elizabeth Dawson*
Night School	*Harold Pinter*
Mirror Maze	*Paul Lee*
Young Lady Of Property	*Horton Foote*
Problem Of Girl Friends	*Paul Jones*
The New Man	*Peter Jones*
Tomorrow	*J. Conrad/T. Browne*
Murder Stamp	*G. Beilman/J. Whitney*
Reprise	*Paul Jones*
Owen Stephens . . . ?	*Philip Broadley*
The End Of The Tether	*J. Conrad/R. Urquhart*
Mr. Krane	*Arthur Coneybeare*

Play of the Week–90 minutes:

The Night Of January 16th	*Ayn Rand*
A Woman Of No Importance	*Oscar Wilde*
House Of Bernada Alba	*Frederico Lorca*
The Birthday Party	*Harold Pinter*
Loyalties	*John Galsworthy*
House Of Lies	*H. Lockhart/R. Urquhart*
The Green Pack	*Edgar Wallace*
Caroline	*Somerset Maugham*
Night Of The Big Heat	*J. Lymington/Giles Cooper*
Tess	*Thomas Hardy/R. Gow*
Darkness Outside	*G. L. Johnston/E. Martell*
Search Party	*Janet McNeil*
Dear Delinquent	*Jack Popplewell*
Sparrow Sparrow	*Iver Butler*
The Burning Glass	*C. Morgan/E. Lincoln*
Old Man In A Hurry	*Hugh Ross Williamson*
The Pot Carriers	*Mike Watts*
The Watching Eye	*Robert Furnival*
The Two Bouquets	*Eleanor & Herbert Farjeon*

No Hiding Place
Raymond Francis as Supt. Lockhart in a series of 46 drama programmes on crime detection.

Somerset Maugham
Two series of 60 minute programmes for which many of Somerset Maugham's best-known stories were adapted for television, including 'Sanatorium', 'The Unconquered' and 'The Kite'.

Serials

Edwin Drood
Adaptation by John Keir Cross of the unfinished novel by Charles Dickens, in 8 episodes.

The Citadel
Adaptation by Kenneth Hyde of the novel by A. J. Cronin, in 9 episodes.

Associated-Rediffusion Feature Programmes 1960

In addition to the regular Friday programme 'This Week', now beginning its 6th year, which explains and comments on the news and brings the newsmakers themselves to the television screen, Associated-Rediffusion made a series of detailed reports on vital aspects of the modern world. One example was the hour-long programme 'Global War', transmitted in August, which probed the striking power and defence potential of East and West. Another was 'The Two Faces of Japan', transmitted in November, which explained in the graphic, visual idiom of television, the problems of a nation at the meeting points of two conflicting cultures.

A conviction that ordinary people are often as interesting as the famous and the newsworthy was reflected in the two Daniel Farson series, 'Guide to the British' and 'Pursuit of Happiness'; and also in the Michael Ingrams programme, 'Our Street', transmitted during the summer.

This Week
Every Friday. Statesmen, and leading public figures representing many interests interviewed in 'This Week' during the past year included: The Prime Minister, The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan; The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell; President-elect Kennedy; President Nasser, Sir Roy Welensky; Dr. Hastings Banda; Lord Birkett; Bertrand Russell; Dame Rebecca West; Sir Gordon Richards; Sir John Wolfenden; Frank Cousins; Lionel Bart.

Questions in the House
Every alternate week when Parliament is sitting, M.P.s discuss outstanding issues. Members who have appeared on this programme include The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, Francis Noel-Baker, Sydney Silverman and Woodrow Wyatt.

Farson's Guide to the British
Aspects of the British way of life.

Pursuit of Happiness
A Daniel Farson series which included interviews with The Archbishop of York and Lord Frazer.

Special ½ hour programmes
A series which included programmes on Nigerian Independence, The Battle of Britain, Donald Campbell.

Our Street
Michael Ingrams studied the life of a street in Camberwell.

Major 1 hour programmes

The Alcoholic
The study of a disease.

Global War
The defence potential and striking power of East and West. Taking part were Field Marshal Lord Harding, Air Chief Marshal Sir Donald Ivelaw-Chapman, Vice Admiral Sir Kaye Edden and the Defence Correspondent of 'The Times'.

The Berlin Story
An Associated-Rediffusion contribution to the Independent Television coverage of the vital meeting of the United Nations General Assembly.

Candidates for Power
Included interviews with all the U.S. Presidential Candidates including President-elect Kennedy and Senator Nixon.

The Two Faces of Japan
The impact of Western influences on an Eastern nation, vividly illustrated in the stories of four Japanese—a fashion model, a student, a dockyard worker and a housewife.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION
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what has been given them. Delhi has a powerful concentration of sheer brain. The young are sharp in debate, they actively understand it is their task to bridge the gulf between the educated minority and the primitive mass; and they are not a sad or lonely minority, they are in high spirits. They are conscious that Delhi is a modern city which has gone far beyond its Lutyens period and is a serious place, in the most attractive meaning of the word.

Yet this seriousness does not destroy the traditional spells, indeed it preserves tradition intelligently. The traveller longs for conversation, but he always hopes also for moments of intimacy and revelation. On two evenings I was lucky enough to hear some rare and traditional music in private houses. We squatted one night almost knee to knee in a small room with the Dagar brothers, who have inherited an extraordinary and very sophisticated singing from the 11th century. And on another night we listened in a little room to a famous drummer from Nepal. (Both perform on All-India Radio.)

I cannot describe this singing and this drumming. The voices began with the faintest vibrations of the vocal chord and as they slowly possessed every particle of air in the room, the sounds were inhuman, refined, subtle, but not primitive or outlandish. One was listening to court music. It was compelling and erotic. The gestures of hands, fingers and thumbs seemed to become part of this music. There was a wilful play on the nerves and one felt what, one supposes, a teased tiger might feel in its spinal chord. The peculiar little whimpers and moans of this music and its sudden despotic angers and gestures are unforgettable.

So, in a different way, it was with the drummer and his droll, furious wicked love affair with the zihar player – a long string instrument of great refinement and complexity. Here the pair went through a long, insinuating, fierce erotic-comedy. Again, the incomparable skill of artists in an old tradition, played on the nerves and body of the listener. I shall not forget those smoky faces, their simplicity and their devilry nor the cleverness of their hands. Their art, handed down from master to pupil, had nothing to do with the folk; it was a distillation of something intimate and exclusive. For myself, these artists added a final exhilaration and confusion to my mind if – in India – I could be said to have had a mind at all. It was stolen out of my head.

Whisky and Sin

NAOMI MITCHISON

One New Year's Day I went up the Glen on my visits with a Chinese friend. At Dunkie's house, Annabella was presiding over tea and bramble cordial; the men, in the other room, had a bottle – or two, or three, or even four – of the Hard Stuff. This I was duly offered and took, though I would have liked the bramble drink, which is by no means unalcoholic, just as much. My Chinese friend said: 'Yes, they are like old-fashioned Chinese peasants, the men with one thing, the women with the other. But why were you offered the men's drink?'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that I am an honorary man.'

That's so, up to a point. As a County Councillor, who is also a member of the NFU, I do count as a man, almost. But one must not presume. In the curious social ambience that drifts round the thought of whisky, the association between sin and whisky, delight and whisky, devilment and whisky, is essentially a male thing, a secret against the woman; though it is an extra pleasure to think of the maiden lassie smelling the stuff on the soft whisper or feeling the taste of it on the gently kissing lips. But I must be wary even to write about it or to join, however formally, in the ritual.

Of course, when one is being officially a man, that's different. I remember one Highland Panel group meeting which progressed up the Outer Islands drinking with the District Councils while hearing their views. I don't really care for the stuff in the middle of the morning, but 'Ach, get away wi' you!' they'd say, and pour me a double. Towards the fifth day our chairman was dispensing snuff all round; it was the only thing that kept our heads clear during the meetings. Perhaps the District Councils didn't want us too clear-headed? But no, I don't think it was that, it was the mystique of Highland hospitality.

There are other mystiques about whisky. All this about the water which is used for steeping the grain until it is ready to sprout, and, still more important, for mixing with the dried and crushed grain in the mash tun to make the wort which is then fermented. Most of the Highland distilleries have their own special spring, water running off red granite through peat. I am all for keeping up this mystique, since distilling is an important Highland industry, and I would not like to see the Spey valley depopulated. But it does appear, in a nasty factual way, as if perfectly adequate malt whisky could be made with the use of comparatively ordinary water. But we don't want to let the Americans know that.

Then there are the cobwebs in the vat room. The wash is converted into alcohol – and all sorts of other things – by standard brewers' yeasts, the full fermentation releasing so much carbon dioxide that an unwary sniff puts you on the floor. But after it has calmed down, there are phases of secondary fermentation, possibly from wild yeasts or something to do with bacteria which may be clinging to the walls and ceiling of the vat room. Or possibly may not. It did not seem to me that this theory found much favour with Miss Williamson, the manager of the great Laphraoig distillery in Islay. But then she's a woman.

All the same, I would hate to think that it could all be done by completely scientific methods, in standard industrial conditions. Would it still be the Water of Life? Almost certainly. But would it sell? One looks with fascination at the advertisements in the *New Yorker*, flapping great curtains of mystique across the consumers' eyes, bringing in the phoniest possible bits of Scottish history, usually figuring royalty, often tartans, but never overalls, gum boots, or the really mucky old caps which are typically Highland wear. There is also the general mystique about age, sometimes with the completely false idea that it makes any difference to whisky how long it is in the bottle. Maturing in the cask, yes, up to a point. But once bottled it is inert.

However, one must do nothing to spoil the legend, which penetrates even the blended whiskies and the empire of the Distillers' Company – which deals with all sorts of things besides the Water of Life. I have never seen whisky being blended; indeed it's time someone invited me, for my notion of it is a great swimming bath with the casks being tipped in and someone gravely tasting and then holding his hand up, saying: 'That's about right for White Horse!' Perhaps it isn't like that at all, though I hope so.

But I have been to distilleries, although a bit guiltily, since one cannot visit without tasting, indeed tasting largely, and that way, surely, one is in touch with Sin. Up in Strathspey, there are still distilleries which are outside the Distillers' empire, fine stone buildings, with the Chinese pagoda shape of the roof above the kiln. There should be a little bell at each corner tinkling in the pale blue peat-smoke that trickles softly away after passing through and drying out the grains of sprouted barley thickly spread on the strange perforated floor, the rustling bed of Circe. I suppose it would be perfectly possible to lie there and die very gently in a carbon monoxide induced sleep, in the wonderful fragrance of corn and earth. I wonder if anyone does.

But the bells, like the thoughts of suicide, are frivolous. Those who visit the Grants of Glenfiddich and Belvennie must be dead serious. This is a family concern. There are other Grants in whisky, but not related except in so far as a Grant ancestor doubtless floated on the flood and was picked up by Noah. There are still two daughters of the founder, one of whom is actively on the board, elderly ladies by now, who were not too keen on the very necessary enlargements of office buildings, since they themselves had scrubbed the boards of the tiny original office. But, like the rest, they were ready to do anything for the firm. Other board members are the descendants of collaterals.

As compared with a modern brewery, at any rate a big one, distilleries look markedly old-fashioned. Where Guinness is all stainless steel, steam sterilising, glass, tiles and good factory lighting, a distillery sticks to the larch-wood mash-tubs and wash-backs and the great copper stills, locally made, each one shaped slightly differently, each with a character of its own. Experience and intuition are more important here than gauges and gadgets. The light may well be obscured by those cobwebs, which, however, mustn't be touched because they *may* harbour those wild bacteria, which *may* induce these wild yeasts to produce that secondary fermentation, which *may* make a difference to the taste.

As a matter of fact, I expect a lot of this is for the birds, just put on to impress the visitor, as it certainly does. But one is being built up towards the moment when one sits in the office and applies oneself to one's dram of the pure malt, something very different from the blended whiskies, something which should never be diluted. And yet here I find I am adding a spoonful of water to my whisky, since it is just conceivable that this particular dram may be a wee bit over proof. The taste is complex and extraordinarily difficult to define; metaphors break and blossom in the mind as one sips. Yet, to be accurate, on the tongue-tip the taste has the definite sweetness of the diastase-altered starch of the barley grain, combined with a lively tingle on the nerve-ends.

But on the palate there is a separate front and back taste, lower and richer in tone, a dusky taste reminiscent of peat; perhaps the olfactory nerves are joining in. The tingle becomes a pleasurable and comforting warmth, due, no doubt, to a sudden local increase in circulation. But all these sensations ring with

overtones like the non-existent bells of the smoke-wreathed pagodas. And then, the sudden accession of well-being!

There are other pure malts besides Glen Fiddich. There is Talisker. There is the deep-toned Campeltown whisky. It can still be got. It is the best. But it is not what will be offered at New Year and about then. For we start around New Year, and if the fishing has been good, and it looks not too bad this year, though one should be careful speaking about it, almost everyone has at least one bottle in his pocket and another at home. But most of it then will be the ordinary blends, sometimes curiously diluted with lemonade or port, which is thought to turn it into almost a temperance drink.

According to how prosperous we are feeling, drinking will go on for two, three or four days; if one is going round first-footing one will have whisky in one house, sherry or port in another, fierce ginger wine in a third. Luckily for me, I can still claim exemption through a recent bout of jaundice! The village looks more and more blear-eyed. Faces are red. Inhibitions are loosened. Quarrels are made up. Or start. We cannot bear to face the New Year without it, the year of work and sin and weariness and the terrible seriousness that afflicts Scotland.

Besides, most of us have The Cold. And, as we spend so much of New Year greeting one another affectionately, whisky is no doubt a necessary prophylactic. And, if you look at it like that, I suppose it doesn't matter what the stuff tastes like.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Incidental Music

DAVID DREW

One of the problems of 'what to do with music' in a society which only has a vague collective memory of a time when music was 'useful', centres on that strange, unhappy craft-form, 'Incidental Music'. It is a minor form, and a minor problem, but one that touches on a central issue of our musical culture. Very recently, the Stratford-on-Avon Company (which is now at the Aldwych Theatre, London) has made a determined effort under its new music adviser Raymond Leppard and its new musical director Brian Priestman, to give the problem due attention. Similar preoccupations are evident in the Old Vic Company (musical director John Lambert), which has shown enlightenment in commissioning a score for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from Thea Musgrave. It is worth considering what are the possibilities of this medium, what are its laws, and what are its dangers.

The history of modern theatre music extends from the mid-seventeenth century to a fairly precise date in the 1930s – that is to say, from (for example) Matthew Locke and John Blow to Stravinsky and Kurt Weill. The wastage of good or great music on an aesthetically corrupt or intellectually weak theatre has been a recurrent feature of this history. The prime example, of course, is the fate of Purcell, whose genius was to some extent rendered ineffective by the trivial values of the Restoration Theatre. But we should not forget what happened to Mozart's music for *König Thamos*, which in itself is one of his greatest works. The nineteenth-century theatre served its musical geniuses rather better – Beethoven's *Egmont*, Schubert's *Rosamunde*, Schumann's *Manfred* and Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are all works which in varying degrees owe something positive to the dramas on which they were based. But with Grieg's *Peer Gynt* the balance begins to go the other way; the composer, for all his merits, has not kept pace with the development of the drama. Bizet's *L'Arlésienne*, which musically is at a similar historical stage, is more successful, not only because Bizet was a surer man of the theatre, but also because Daudet's drama still draws on specifically nineteenth-century modes of expression. The development of New Drama from Ibsen through Strindberg, to Wedekind, the German Expressionists and finally Brecht, did not in general lead to a parallel development of theatrical awareness on the part of composers. The chief exception and the undoubted pioneer was Busoni. In 1906 Busoni wrote: 'The greater part of modern theatre music suffers from the mistake of seeking to repeat the scenes passing on the stage, instead of fulfilling its own proper mission of interpreting the attitudes of the persons represented.' But as so often with Busoni, theory preceded practice, and was never adequately accomplished. It was left to Stravinsky, in *The Soldier's Tale*, to fulfil Busoni's vision – no wonder that Busoni unwillingly admired that work! – and to compose the first score appropriate to the demands of the modern theatre. The line was continued by Weill, tentatively in his scores for plays by Grabbe and Strindberg, and then with complete mastery in the scores he wrote with Piscator, Brecht and Kaiser. But the economic conditions which had dictated the choice of extremely small forces for *The Soldier's Tale* sounded the death-knell for the theatre score in the nineteenth-century scale. Kurt Weill's score for Kaiser's *Der Silbersee* (1933) was perhaps the last major score for a serious play to involve a full orchestra and chorus. Thereafter, large forces were only available to the commercial musical, and the problem of serious music in the theatre became in a sense the problem of 'public' chamber music.

However, it should be clear that 'commercialisation' – that is to say, the reduction of creative work to the status of a 'commodity' – operates equally forcefully, and more dangerously, in fields which are advertised as non-commercial and cultural. Theatre music, however advanced in style, becomes a mere 'prop' unless the rights of music are defined and protected. In fact, it becomes incidental in the worst sense: without incident. This happens as a result of the composer being allowed to respond only to the purely extra-musical demands which seem to justify his function. Just as music for the silent film was designed primarily to disguise oppressive silence, just as music for the sound film is (often) designed to disguise the still defective expression of what is supposed to be a rounded reality, and just as radio music is intended to cover a deficiency of visualisation (in the play, or the production, or the listener), so does debased incidental music in the theatre seek to cover what is in fact most characteristic of the theatre – the 'unreality' of a life viewed through the confines of a proscenium arch, the 'unreality' of life broken

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up into discontinuous scenes, and perhaps even the 'unreality' of life expressed in poetry.

Given only these desiderata, and granted the one useless concession that it may mimic the action or mood of a play, such music is mere noise to fill an imaginative vacuum. It need have neither a life of its own nor a form of its own. It does nothing which cannot be fulfilled with much more effectiveness and dignity (because it is at least honest about its unmusicality) by the construction of 'artificial' tape-recorded sounds *à la Musique Concrète*. This has the great merit of being relatively inarticulate, and in the very few instances where the spoken word can justifiably be backed by 'organised sound', such *Musique Concrète* sounds will remain a background, since the form is intrinsically incapable of presenting anything resembling a foreground. Music, on the other hand, is much too articulate (however bad) to act as a background unless it denies itself those things whereby it becomes music, in which case a kind of 'unmusic' does the job much better. Humphrey Searle's score for the Stratford production of *The Duchess of Malfi* is *music;* and because it is music, its intrusion on (for instance) Bosola's soliloquy after the Market scene, or the fine 'Bellman' speech, challenges their autonomy. There is another consideration: the combination of spoken voices and mechanically recorded music (which demands of space or economy often enforce nowadays) is aurally nonsensical, whereas recording is the only proper medium for *Musique Concrète* or electronic music, and there cannot therefore be any objection to its mechanical reproduction in the theatre.

Unfortunately, the imaginative use of an organised sound-tape does not in practice have the effect on the audience, and therefore the play, which in theory it should have. Although the flatness and two-dimensionality of the medium are what most recommend it as a background, no audience of today is conditioned to let it remain there. As a cultural novelty the equipment has already been provided with its vogue advertisements and marketed at a snob value. It bears the fatal, attention-grasping, stamp of modernity. Here, indeed, it finds common ground with the use of so-called 'advanced' music in the theatre. Advanced music is only safe, indeed obligatory, in plays of violence and horror such as *The Duchess of Malfi*, since audiences have been conditioned over many years to such music, in such a context, by the cinema and the radio. But the problem becomes acute in plays of any other kind. A composer for a play like *A Midsummer Night's Dream* who uses an idiom that is wholly acceptable to the average theatre audience is likely to be a bad composer, unless he be of a very special kind. On the other hand, a composer as sincere and of-her-time as Thea Musgrave, who wrote the score for the Old Vic *Dream*, may write a score which is not 'advanced' by informed historical standards, but which may strike a theatre audience as 'odd', and even acquire a stigma of preciosity which it in no way deserves. The 'Aubade' which Miss Musgrave writes as prelude to the lovers' awakening is a sensitive and appropriate comment on the situation. But did it reach an unresisting audience as if it were part of the play, or did it merely provoke in them irrelevant reflections about modern music? Unhappy composer, trying at once to be true to himself and true to the play, while the audience coldly watches!

Ultimately, the composer can only survive in this situation by sheer force of arms. He must furiously defend the integrity of music, he must assert not only its power of expressing what cannot be put into words, but also its power of defining a form. Above all he must resist to the last ditch any attempt to present music as just another stage property, a kind of aural lighting-effect, a whiff of pseudo-smoke. So long as the theatre is obsessed with the idea of producing an illusion of reality, the pressure to employ music as just another ingredient in the dope will be very strong.

In fact theatre producers are right to fear music. It is very demanding of attention. So they should be the more ready to ask themselves if the play requires something which only music can provide. If it does not, then away with music! But if it does, then there can be no compromise: music is an autocrat which cannot be ruled unless it is itself allowed to rule. The theatre is a Reality of its own, and so is music. An essential, morphological opposition to Real*ism* is the one thing that they have in common. Put your musicians in front, openly, where they belong, and if there isn't room, make it! Build a platform, hang the musicians in baskets from the ceiling, *anything* – but don't try to pretend that a musical foreground can be made into a background simply by putting it out of sight in the wings. If music be given its due and the composer be a good one, it may even come about that music has the last word in the play. That happened, very movingly, in the recent radio production of Camus's *L'Etranger*. It could happen more often. But in any case, music will give nothing to a play, and will lose everything for itself, unless it has first been granted sovereignty. Then indeed it will become a true subject.

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Christmas Buckets

H. A. L. CRAIG

Christmas is as conservative as you can get; it takes about 100 years to move around one kind of Christmas and come to another. We are now in the last quarter of the Victorian Christmas, with Dickens its Lord of Rule, and descending to the misrule of the hotel party and no Queen at three o'clock. The annual game of live Happy Families is not what it was; the family outing to pantomime is no longer the top of Christmas because pantomime no longer provides for the family. This is not to suggest that pantomime is dying; merely that it has changed. It doesn't try, as it once did, to vary itself for children. The pantomime 'kings' know better than Tommy Snail himself the length of his school holidays; and a small part of a paying run they are. In the new, flagrant, commercial goose-killing at Christmas none grope for the golden eggs more stupidly than the pantomime kings; by starving the children they will themselves starve hereafter. It is not beyond invention to vary the first of their twice daily shows, playing it for children, excluding some of the blaze and substituting the hop-scotch. There is nothing sacred in a variety show.

Though pantomime still draws its 'plots' from the nursery, it is busy stuffing itself with television comics and references. These flesh-and-blood warriors whenever possible revert to their 18-inch size, grow incestuous and call across the footlights, each to each: 'You shot Charlie Drake' says Jimmy Edwards in *Cinderella* at the Adelphi: which is a case of the 'kings' sucking substance from the shadow that has fallen across them. But for Jimmy Edwards I have only praise. He erupts in the middle of this too well-wrapped, too cleverly shining, too heartless bit of Rogers-Hammerstein merchandise and gives it a saving slash of crudity.

Mr Edwards' 'vulgarity' is much neater and more finely distinguished than anything in the neat script; his puffing and ranting, his rude lumbering, his nose-blowing through instruments – all his bladder of tricks hit you with a precision that cannot offend. He is also a superb player to children; and though he looks at them as if his foot was itching and roars at them with a mouth like a blunderbuss shooting false teeth, this is just his way of good fun. He is really a glutinous teddy of kindness: 'Don't be sorry for Buttons, kids, he'll be all right.' But could the kids be sorry for a Buttons so beyond them in the highest retches of Rogers and Hammerstein 'love'? Mr Edwards serves this tinny cocktail better than it deserves, with the ice of Loudon Sainthill's great sets. They still amaze and give the pleasure they did two years ago when *Cinderella* first appeared.

The pantomime is a bucket of a form capable of taking almost any mush; but it will not survive herbal tea. The Slade-Reynolds harmless attempt, *Hooray for Daisy*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is a village-street drawing room comedy made musical made magical (Jack in the Beanstalk). It is called a 'new

Christmas attraction'. Did it attract? I forget. It is so slight it leaves no print behind; except, maybe, two digs of pneumatic drill: 'Oh, what a beautiful bathroom; Oh, what a beautiful sponge'.

At The Theatre Royal, Stratford, it is grave-snatching, tombstone-murder and knifing-time this Christmas. *Tom Sawyer* is a mixture of thriller and bore. For ten minutes of fear it had an audience of children either cowering, eyes hidden, in the depths of their seats or up on the edges while Injun Joe, knife in hand, probed for Tom by lanthorn light. Then, as if it deliberately set out to destroy the child's interest, it spends itself on sentimental warbling: 'Boys will always be boys': or adult satire: 'What are you going to wear for the hanging, Mrs Brown?' 'Oh, crummy', said the little girl in the seat behind me. Some of the songs are excellent and paradoxical and a few of the parts are well played (by Brian Hewlett, Peggy Butt and, above all, by the delightful, diminutive Daphne Foreman) but Jessica Taylor's production lacked definition. It is neither child's play nor an adolescent's musical; it is halfway no-where.

To be a man at a child's play is to be prehistoric, you rise above them like a monster, your brain is inadequate. One doesn't really know what is going on; how much is passing overhead and ending at the back wall and how much is in and leaping and beginning. What is wrong is right. At what point do the little engines begin to hum, the large-little imaginations start up? The slapstick is, of course, received obviously – good, they're enjoying themselves – but this serves only as primitive comic relief. Not a 'Smartie' box rattles a moment later. The theatre is all agaze. 'Is he really dead, daddy?'

The Imperial Nightingale at the Arts is by far the best of the three children's plays I visited. It is splendidly set in strong storybook colours and boldly played by actors who keep themselves so intact in their moral simplicity that they might be standing in tubs. But what they are – cruel emperor, kind kitchen-maid, angry war-lord – and what they have – a good fairytale – they transmute to warm allegory. The kitchen-maid amazes the emperor with her real tears, he has never before seen anything real; the nightingale shows him the beauty and poetry he cannot command. The long-drawn-out, impending death of the emperor, when he can find no friend to speak for him and thereby save him, may seem odd entertainment for children familiar with the bullets of television, but this, too, is done with dignity and without stickiness. It is even odder that children should be the only recipients of moral fable, basic human themes of life and death, goodness and badness, while their parents get variety shows.

Toad of Toad Hall (at the Westminster) has no such child-significance, nor to judge by the audience such a grip. Its animals are the most verbal of chaps and much is lost by their failure to frolic; only Toad himself (Gerald Campion), Mole (the superb Richard Goolden) and Rat (John Warner) show 'character'. But who can deny Toad, a great English eccentric? *Emil and the Detectives* at the Mermaid began as a scouting-for-boys, continued as a clumsy leafing-out of a good book, and ended I know not where – I was gone for a whisky. The child actors were produced like little men; their lines were not children's lines – 'Now we can all go home with an easy mind'. But why continue? Not all the tugs outside on the river Thames could tug me back to my sole self and it.

The Crazy Gang at the Victoria Palace are post-puberty; these five homely, twice-nightly magnificants knit lechery like grandma's underwear; they are naked in bed and mean no harm; they but fumble. The Crazy Gang are the purveyors of inspired unoriginality; they deal in nostalgia for the music hall and weep laughing; they sell the last rose of summer which may be more valuable than the first snowdrop; after it there is nothing. If you do not see the Crazy Gang you do yourself some wrong. They perform twice-nightly in *Young in Heart* and being wise in their generation they buck the house with pretty girls.

The only Christmas entertainment I am compelled to dispraise is *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Michael Langham by William Shakespeare (Old Vic). Not because Mr Langham is less than, say, David Rogers, who script-wrote *Hamlet* for the Crazy Gang, but because Mr Langham is guilty of reduction. This is not so much a production as a dull version of the play. He has dared to humanise fairy land, to make Oberon manly, and to shift the centre of the comedy from the head to the legs. Some of these races are rewarded with laughter and applause and I would be unjust if I did not say that a large part of the house rejoiced – the enchanted lovers in the woods were as well drilled as circus ponies – but *how* Shakespeare is laughed at is more important than how much. Mr Langham has given all *A Midsummer Night's Dream* over to the groundlings; Shakespeare only intended them to have Bottom. This is bad enough; but Mr Langham also puts his fist through fairyland; by destroying the distances, the subtle perspectives by moonlight, he has broken Shakespeare's magic mirror of two worlds, the human and the fairy. His Puck, a Beat boy in the forest, could swap shoes with Lysander; his Oberon, king of the fairies, is just another Shakespearean duke. If at the final curtain I applauded, it was only to applaud Douglas Campbell (Bottom) and Robert Harris (Quince) and to bring back to my fond, foolish eyes the lovely Judi Dench. Miss Dench's Hermia has five faces, a pout, a smile, a frown, a surprised face and a speaking face; but she has 40 kinds of movement and as a Christmas entertainment is the happiest thing in London.

But for Shakespeare this Christmas – and for principal boy – there is nothing to better the superbly produced *Twelfth Night* at the Aldwych. The *Sunday Times* has chosen to come out mauling for Peter Hall – 'chained bear-like to the stake I stuck it out to the end' – and proceeds to look upon the beauty on the stage with a bear's eye. 'A travesty of Shakespeare': this is not so. Nothing in the poetry is lost; even as the Duke of Illyria 'sends' his lines, he saves them and reveals his self-deceit. There is a deal of subtlety here. In Dorothy Tutin the stage has an almost perfect Viola, but where is perfection in Shakespeare? When we find it we may go home by Pegasus. That would be the end. Meanwhile, we have the satisfaction of the Aldwych: go to it, 'pursued by bears'.

New Gothic

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Easily the pick of the Christmas bunch – a poor lot! – is *The Fall of the House of Usher*. It was press-shown at the little Compton Cinema in Soho, where it will run from Boxing Day. Someone remarked as we sat down that the intimate hall was right for horror; its disadvantage, for a press viewing, was that one couldn't escape the laughs automatic to the occasion. The film we were witnessing might, from its reception, have been bad and silly. In fact it was neither. As horror films go, it was decently sustained; and if there were let-downs, some were meant, others inevitable to the full Gothic treatment.

Of course Poe had to be given that. No halfway house, it looms in the twilight out of one of those knee-high mists without which no film can be truly sinister. Through the trees comes the hero riding on horseback, he knocks at the door, with a creak it opens, and there we are. We shan't leave till it's all over, all consumed. Masonry will have rumbled and crashed: Mr Vincent Price will have played the lute; the fingers of the dead girl will have been seen, by us and by Mr Price, to move. Since this is a film – and no longer the deep Wurlitzer tones of the printed page – there will also have been shrieks from the clamped coffin, a thunder as of jet planes eliciting the

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TUNE IN TO WARSAW TONIGHT — AND EVERY NIGHT

remark 'That crack needs repair', resurrection, madness, storm, fire, a trail of blood drops leading to a sticky door handle, and stark nightmare. No less than circumstances require: this kind of thing must be laid on thick, with colour, with panache. The surprise is that for once directorial management (Roger Corman's, out of 'B' pictures) and camera skill of a high order (Floyd Crosby) have been able to lure and shock the imagination without turning the stomach.

Horror films have made themselves the last place where we should look for imaginative passages; but here there is beauty in a descent of stairs and crash of candelabra, in the young man's nightmare, in the menacing use of blues and reds. Vincent Price – that old master of the creeps – comes into his own as Roderick Usher, with words that are sometimes Poe's; and the whole manages to be both absurdly overflowing and contained. Let us hope that *The Fall of the House of Usher* may mark a decisive step in the regeneration of a debased genre.

Otherwise, seasonal fare can offer no better than *The Pure Hell of St Trinian's* (Odeon, Marble Arch), a disaster in which a played-out joke has reached the stage of script-writers' nerves and comedians' dumps, and Walt Disney's *Swiss Family Robinson* (Studio One), so lacking in zest that till the last half-hour we might be in some fringe of suburbia. Alligators may attack the shipwrecked raft; the island may boast a solitary tiger and a baby elephant; pirates may be lugged in, and poor Cecil Parker (a fugitive from *The Pure Hell of St Trinian's*) discovered bound and croaking on the shore; there may be parental solemnities about running away from Napoleon's Europe and about colony-making; but from the house in the trees to the rescued boy who turns out to be a girl, it could all have happened in Disneyland, and does.

Death of a Peer

FRANCIS NEWTON

Night-club satire is a golden activity in America these days. Bob Newhart ('the man with the button-down mind') outsells Presley on LP. Mort Sahl, his poisoned fangs smothered in the embrace of *Time* magazine, clocks up grosses which inspire *Variety* to its hippest headlines ('Mort Sahl Boffo at Blinstrubs in Boston'). Norman Granz, the jazz impresario – jazz and night-club satire go together like rugby and beer – has just sold his Verve record label for over two and a half million dollars, largely on the strength of his foresight in signing up Shelley Berman, Sahl and other night-time gravediggers of Nixon's US. If Lord Buckley (the title reflected a persistent strain of anglomania in this very American artist) had lived, perhaps he too would have earned a lot of money. Now he will never be tempted to conciliate the squares.

When I saw him, he came on at the Gate of Horn, Chicago, at 2.30 a.m. to a public of artists and night people; for at this time even the habitual cabaret audience is elsewhere. He looked like a colonel cashiered from the Indian army in 1930, or rather like somebody imitating one: spruce, elderly, smoothly attired (no other word will do) in evening dress and vaguely unconvincing; oozing a bonhomie which was not wholly false and a cynicism which was not true. He began in the age-old style of the cabaret ham, plummy and hoarse, the eye magnetic, the smile fixed. And then suddenly, within a sentence or two, we were in a wholly different world of controlled satirical growls, imitation trombone phrases and the mock-simple baroque of Negro hip-talk, interspersed with attacks on the H-bomb, little nonsense songs and dream-like surrealist conversations. Then back to hip-talk versions of the miracles of Jesus and the Marquis de Sade.

The few who knew him classified him wrongly with the 'far-out' comedians of the Fifties, probably because he also breathed out jazz as Spanish shepherds exhale garlic. He was older. His technique was that of the show-biz pro, not that of the glorified amateur; he timed his act like a striking rattler. Sahl is not thinkable in a Montmartre cabaret of the Toulouse-Lautrec period. Buckley was, which is perhaps why he was the better act. Above all, he was not a critic but a preacher, 'the Hip Messiah' as he told the puzzled New York nuns from his death-bed. He dreamed of a big rock-candy world where the cats and chicks have a perpetual ball, bathed in the rays of equality and love; Gandhi's and Jesus's as well as Venus's. It is a sentimental utopia, but then both America and show-biz have soft centres. Nevertheless, it is a genuine utopia.

He had a stroke in November, on the verge of success, when the New York police withdrew his cabaret card, a well-known device for shaking down artists. (His death has produced a public campaign against the police.) He leaves behind a Volkswagen minibus, a few numbers played in his honour by Monk and Gillespie, a record or two (*Way Out Humour*, World Pacific WP 1279) and a lot of tape which ought to be issued. May he have a ball wherever he is.

Correspondence

CIVIL DEFENCE PROPAGANDA

SIR, – Your readers must already have been made familiar with the dishonesty of much civil defence propaganda. Hitherto, however, this has been relatively clumsy, amateurish stuff: now we may have to contend with a streamlined professional campaign of deceit. The leading article in the November *Bulletin of the International Civil Defence Organization* recommends that their unappetising product should be handed over to the ad-men because 'our overworked brains . . . prefer ready-made ideas and prepacked philosophies . . . which can give the illusion of novelty'. The author points out that 'appeals to a sense of duty, generosity, the vision of future suffering, compulsion, are all ineffective . . . if civil defence is to be made truly popular'. Thus there is a necessity 'of making it more attractive, so that the public will accept it cheerfully, as they accept a make of toothpaste because it produces a gleaming smile'. Civil defence thus promoted should be made to 'begin at school, first by games, then by practical courses', and continued through all stages of life. 'It should become a habit . . . enter every house by radio and television.'

Toward the end the article becomes even more interesting. 'It can never be too strongly emphasized that civil defence should be made realistic, that its practical and even commercial side should be stressed. We have in mind the many manufacturers of civil defence equipment who would be glad to lend us their collaboration in publicizing the idea of civil defence.' Finally it urges that all authorities concerned should use 'the most up-to-date weapons of publicity and propaganda, without fear of their boldness . . .' We have been warned.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Kissing Tree House, Alveston
Stratford-on-Avon

PUGWASH AND DISARMAMENT

SIR, – Mr J. B. Priestley says of the Pugwash Conferences: 'After all, they have been meeting for some years now, and the arms race goes on and on . . .' They first met three years ago; that is to say, they have been meeting for just about the same length of time as the CND has been active. The CND does a great deal to raise public opinion in this country for disarmament. The Pugwash conferences of scientists do a great deal to bring about contact between many countries, at the expert and governmental levels, through which the technical means of achieving disarmament can be discussed.

The second conference was in fact instrumental in clearing the way for the test-ban negotiations. There need be no rivalry between the two disarmament organisations.

WAYLAND YOUNG
Publicity Officer
Pugwash International Conferences of Scientists
100 Bayswater Road, W2

MULTILATERAL DISARMAMENT

SIR, – We read with regret the unprovoked and misleading attack on our campaign in London Diary on 17 December. To correct any false impression which may have been given to your readers, may we quote the following points from our Statement of Aim?

> We detest all wars, all armaments, all power politics; and will do our utmost to put an end to them. But this can only be done by agreement between the nations – never by the unilateral surrender of power by any one of them.
>
> We therefore support the demands set out in Labour's declarations *Foreign Policy and Defence* and *The Next Step* for an agreement on nuclear tests; for disengagement in Europe; for reform of Nato; and in particular for stage-by-stage multilateral disarmament.
>
> Our views, we believe, are shared by an overwhelming majority of Labour Party members. But recently they have been submerged by the propaganda – usually vigorous and sincere – of a small minority of pacifists and unilateralists, often receiving unasked-for support from very questionable sources. We have been disturbed by the disproportionate influence of these small groups inside the movement, and also by the excessive readiness of some Labour leaders to compromise with them.
>
> We therefore invite all sections of the Labour movement to work for the furtherance of our aims through their constituency, trade unions and Co-operative organisations.

May we add that our opening meeting this month, to which Critic referred, was attended by unilateralist as well as multilateralist Labour MPs and heard an admirable address on disarmament by our President, the Rt Hon. Philip Noel-Baker MP. The meeting was entirely friendly and constructive. We only wish that the same spirit might one day creep into the pages of the NEW STATESMAN, so that it too could make a contribution to the unity and strength of the Labour movement. Meanwhile, we shall continue to provide speakers on disarmament for any constituency or other Labour Party organisation that requests them.

W. BLYTON (*Chairman*)
CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW (*Vice-Chairman*)
BRIAN STEVENS (*Treasurer*)
G. W. REYNOLDS (*Secretary*)
Socialist Campaign for Multilateral Disarmament
House of Commons

[*Critic writes*: This letter amply justifies my comment. These people refuse to read the CND programme and insist on smearing it with Communist tar. Unilateralists are concerned with the defence of Britain and, like other sane people,

put multilateral disarmament first. Their policy differs from the official Labour Party resolution in holding that if Britain were to decide not to rely on nuclear defence the risks of her destruction would be less and the chance of disarmament, in particular of preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries, would be improved. – Ed, NS.]

UNDEMOCRATIC DOCTORS

SIR, – Mr Morris's virulent comments on the hospital service in general and consultants in particular cannot go unanswered. I have been a consultant in many different hospitals, including one teaching hospital, for 46 years and therefore know something of the service before the appointed day in 1948 and since the establishment of the NHS.

Mr Morris seems to have had an unfortunate experience in some hospital but he makes no complaint in detail of how he suffered from the 'arrogance', 'irresponsibility', or other shortcomings of the consultant under whose care (sic) he was tended.

It is only too true that some consultants neglect their hospital clinics by unpunctuality, failure to attend and therefore leaving their work to their senior assistants awaiting consultant status. But these are a regrettable minority whose collection of their full sessional pay is constantly criticised by their juniors as a variety of dishonesty. What Mr Morris means by 'arrogance' is not clear. If he remembers during his sojourn in hospital a consultant's almost contemptuous disregard for the feeling of his assistants, nurses, students, housemen and registrars, it is true that an occasional inflated autocrat may be found in many hospitals. He is inconsiderate, dictatorial and, in general, throws his weight about. This lack of ordinary decent manners reacts on the patients by a tension which is more distressful than commonly appreciated, except by the theatre and nursing staff.

But may I assure Mr Morris that these consultant tyrants are a very small minority. I wish he could know the immense care that is taken in accuracy of diagnosis not only by clinical examination but by all the ancillary assistance of radiology, chemical analysis, electrical and other methods. For any difficult clinical problem there is discussion with colleagues about the best form of treatment whether by drugs or operation. Innumerable medical meetings all over the country talk of clinical problems, and quiet, painstaking research, all for the ultimate benefit of the individual patient, is conducted in hundreds of laboratories.

Patients are not 'raw material' (whatever that may mean). There is, of course, the occasional grouser who complains of various details of hospital life but I know, because I have spent my life in hospitals, that the overwhelming majority are grateful, sometimes lyrically so, for what has been done for them. Nurses, students, housemen and senior doctors were 'all so kind' is such a common story which I have heard a thousand times. And, apart from humanity, what of the skill of our British consultants? I have travelled all over Europe to visit continental clinics but never have I seen any work, and certainly no humanity, excel that of this country, except that perhaps we can still learn something of maternity services from Holland and Scandinavia.

ALECK BOURNE

12 Wimpole Street, W1

EDUCATING CHARLES III

SIR, – May I make a few comments on Kingsley Martin's interesting article on the education of Charles III, perhaps putting a rather different construction on the whole question?

Surely if the Prince were to attend a Grammar school his rank would inevitably be of keen interest to his fellow-pupils and his every movement and idiosyncracy noticed if we may judge,

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In conclusion, the Proprietors beg to take this occasion of wishing

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

to all their Patrons and Friends, not forgetting those Enlightened Tradesmen who, for a modest outlay, have, with Rewarding and Amazing Adroitness, availed themselves of the opportunity of Displaying their Wares during the Intermissions.

as Kingsley Martin so truly remarks, by the articles which appear in certain popular papers and which seem to appeal to their readers. At Eton, on the other hand, he would be taken in his stride as an ordinary human being, as has apparently been the case in his preparatory school. Perhaps, too, he would have the stimulus of teachers who were not forced to put the passing of examinations and the gaining of scholarships as an all-important consideration.

We know that his mother gained a real love for and understanding of constitutional and universal history from a former Provost of Eton, a no mean possession for a reigning monarch. We are told that in the Grammar school he would meet future engineers, bus drivers and dockers. Are these so very different as boys from future Cabinet ministers, doctors, authors and poets, except that their home backgrounds may enable them to share similar hobbies and interests with the Prince, all of which are in their own way educative?

The account of the daily duties performed by the Queen and the Duke seem to indicate that our future monarch has a very hard life before him, and it would be well that he should not be deprived of a really happy adolescence, with some leisure, a chance to cultivate country tastes and a general education to obtain which for their children we know many parents are making great sacrifices.

H. FRANKLIN

88, Carlton Hill, NW8

CATHOLIC TOLERATION

SIR, – As a Catholic, I must cross swords with Critic on several points. I agree that, by virtue of its beliefs, the Catholic Church cannot tolerate error. This does not necessarily mean that all those in error should be persecuted; what it does mean is that the Catholic Church must not tolerate error if those in error can be *persuaded* (not forced) to believe in the truth of the Catholic faith.

I am prepared to believe that intolerance exists in Spain and Portugal. Wherever man is, you will find prejudice, be it religious, racial or class, and the Catholic Church does not claim that its members behave as they ought. I should like Critic to show that it is the deliberate policy of the Catholic Church in Spain and Portugal to foster intolerance. Does the hierarchy, for instance, advise it in their pastoral letters? Is it preached in churches and taught in schools as part of Catholic doctrine?

If a responsible body like the Catholic Church believes that artificial birth control is a great evil, why shouldn't it seek to prevent it being advertised as a good thing, provided, of course, the means used are not immoral? Critic has not suggested that they were. Suppose, for example, the posters were designed to encourage prostitution. Would not Critic have felt an obligation to protest at their being shown?

Anyway, the Transport Commission is under no obligation to do as the Catholic Church wishes (I was astounded to read that they had). Presumably the decision was made after considering the Church's viewpoint and deciding whether there was any solid reason for it.

E. M. BOYLE

113 Earlham Grove
London, E7

SIR, – The banned FPA poster did not advertise a cause in the sense used by Mrs Anne Smith. Its object was to give people who wish to plan their families the opportunity to find out where they could get reliable advice. In the absence of such knowledge many people resort to methods which may be ineffective, harmful and sometimes disastrous. The point at issue is whether a minority should be allowed to coerce a major national concern into taking action calculated to prevent the dissemination of responsible and reliable information to a very significant number of the travelling public. The Roman Catholics do not regard all birth control as morally wrong – medical advice on the method approved by them is widely available at FPA Clinics.

R. C. ELSTONE
General Secretary
The Family Planning Association
64 Sloane Street, SW1

USES OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – If only sociologists are to review sociology, as Steven Box suggests, does it not follow that only sociologists are to read it? He seems to argue that since the study of society is a science, laymen cannot be expected to understand it. But it is possible to present facts about society systematically, and formulate the regularities which govern social behaviour, without a specialised language only experts can understand. Since most people are profoundly concerned about the society in which they live, anything that a sociologist can say about it ought to be as plain and easy to follow as he can make it. Every technical term and difficult concept should be examined suspiciously, as a likely barrier to communication. The reviewer of a sociological work has to understand what the study is after, but he does not usually need to be a sociologist himself to judge whether the writer has succeeded in putting his findings across.

We already suffer because our two cultures, literary and scientific, cannot communicate. It would be a great mistake to excuse new sciences from the need to be generally intelligible – on the ground that the fewer people authorised to comment on them, the more respectable as sciences they become.

PETER MARRIS
Institute of Community Studies
Bethnal Green

LORD BIRKENHEAD

SIR, – In his otherwise favourable review of *The Glittering Prizes*, Mr Kingsley Martin takes me to task for repeating 'not only unprovable but even unlikely stories' about the late Lord Birkenhead. The only unlikely story in the book is the one Mr Martin mentions, about killing the man on the tram. What, however, Mr Martin ought in all fairness to have added is that I do not take this story at its face value. I point out that I have repeated it in the form in which Birkenhead himself told it in a *tête-à-tête* with a dinner guest at his house in Belgravia. And I also ask the question, 'Could this story have been a complete fabrication?' People who tell unlikely stories about themselves must sometimes expect to be taken at their word, if only as a revelation of their character. There are, I should know by now, one or two statements in the book which, though not unlikely, must be called unprovable, because alas! they cannot be publicly substantiated. But I am no less convinced of their authenticity than Mr Martin is about dining-out on the Casement diaries.

WILLIAM CAMP

25 Grantley Close
Shalford, Surrey

FINGERPRINTING

SIR, – On fingerprinting, C. H. Rolph says that at present it is 'entirely within police discretion'. This is not quite accurate as, while the police can decide when they want to take fingerprints, the accused can refuse his permission and the matter can then only be settled by a magistrate. The danger at the moment is that fingerprints are sometimes taken as part of a gentle process of police persuasion and refusal is taken amiss. We quoted a case in our report of police opposing bail on a grievous bodily harm charge, because the accused refused to have his prints taken. There was also the period when all arrested Irishmen were fingerprinted even for 'drunk-and-singing.'

MARTIN ENNALS
General Secretary
National Council for Civil Liberties
293 New King's Road, SW6

SARDAR PATEL

SIR, – I am writing an authorised biography of the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, who, before the independence of India in 1947 and until his death in 1950, dominated the political scene as the right-hand man of Mahatma Gandhi and a powerful Cabinet colleague of Mr Nehru. In 35 years of active public life (1915 to 1950) he came into contact, and sometimes into conflict, with many British men and women who are likely to be in a position to help me in my work. May I request them, through your widely read columns, for their co-operation? The loan of any correspondence and material about Sardar Patel will be greatly appreciated and returned with care. I shall also be glad to call on anyone who has an interesting story to tell about the man.

D. V. TAHMANKAR

55 Stanhope Avenue, N3

INFLUENCES ON HERON

SIR, – Mr Bryan Robertson, in his remarks about my present exhibition at the Waddington Galleries, says that I 'offer an abundant view of Messrs de Staël, Gottlieb, Rothko and Stamos . . . with sudden glimpses of Scott.'

Surely Mr Robertson's expert eye didn't fail to pick up all those hints and traces of my other enthusiasms – say, Matisse, Bonnard, Braque, Piero della Francesca, Tintoretto, Turner, Old Uncle Alf Wallis and all? Or is he slipping? Why ration me to a mere five influences?

PATRICK HERON

St Ives

BORIS PASTERNAK

SIR, – During the last years of his life, much of the creative energy of my brother, Boris Pasternak, went into his correspondence. His nearest relatives in Moscow and in England are anxious to collect any letters he may have written, with a view to eventual publication; I would therefore be glad if anyone who has letters from him would let me have careful copies or photostats of them.

LYDIA PASTERNAK SLATER

20 Park Town
Oxford

DISARMAMENT AND COLONIAL FREEDOM

N. S. Khrushchov

This book brings together the speeches made by N. S. Khrushchov as head of the Soviet delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York, September-October 1960, various interviews given by him during his stay in the United States, and the speech made upon his return to the U.S.S.R.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Emperor and Pontiff

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

History repeats itself – and yet never quite predictably. This is maddening to historical scientists. The parallels loom large and tempting before them; they see great cycles rhythmically revolving; and to the discriminating eye of faith the repetition is marvellously exact. Then, having discovered the formula, they confidently apply it – only, almost invariably, to crash disastrously. Some little, unobserved detail of difference always in the end saves humanity and wrecks the science. One of these great near-parallels in European history is between the Reformation and the French Revolution.

Consider the Catholic Church on the eve of the Reformation. It was an aristocratic church in an aristocratic society. It was also, in some respects, an enlightened Church: enlightened as well as corrupted by its increasingly lay character. Cultivated rulers, the Renaissance Princes, found it easy to agree with cultivated native Churchmen, their subjects, who were often also their kinsmen. So there were great opportunities of reform: reform always in the direction of lay sense, and 'primitive christianity' at the expense of clericalism and superstition. By Concordats with their brother-monarch in Rome, the Princes took over the patronage of the Church; the regular orders were attenuated or even dissolved (for the intellectual climate of the time was hostile to monks and friars and all their works); and if the Papacy should ultimately resist, it would soon be put in its place. For in the full light and freedom of the early sixteenth century, princes could rely, they felt, upon their peoples (or at least on the *élite* of their peoples) to stand no nonsense from 'that sturdy Nimrod, the bishop of Rome'.

We turn to the eve of the French Revolution, and find an almost exactly similar situation. Once again there is an aristocratic Church thoroughly penetrated by an aristocratic lay society. Once again, enlightened bishops agree with enlightened princes, and the Pope in Rome finds himself either, as another prince, unsympathetic to clerical claims or, as a mere high-priest, unable to enforce them. So, in the name of 'primitive christianity', the great machine of popery is once again unwound. Popes are elected to please the Catholic sovereigns: urbane *dilettanti*, improving builders, patrons of art, but not assertors of ecclesiastical rights. Concordats are made or maintained: Louis XV and Louis XVI enjoyed all the benefits granted to Francis I; Maria Theresa and Joseph II in Austria, Charles III in Spain, took over and enforced all the claims of Charles V to administer the Church in their dominions. The most papal of religious orders, the Jesuits, were expelled from Catholic countries and finally, in 1769, dissolved by a compliant Pope. The intellectual climate of the time was impatient of all 'ultra-montane' claims. And if the papal worm should ultimately turn, the Enlightened despots of Europe, once again, felt sure of their power. They could rely, now as in 1520, on their peoples, or at least on their *élite*.

And then suddenly, in the 1780s as in the 1520s, the *élite* itself was challenged. That aristocratic, princely society, which had seemed so firm and been so confident, saw itself threatened. The threat might come gradually, by stages; it might not be equally clear to all men; but ultimately it would be unmistakable. 'Erasmianism' here, 'Febronianism' there, had weakened the brute, blind strength of the Church, and that strength – irrational, indefensible, self-interested though it might be – was found to have become part of the living tissue of the very society which criticised it. After Erasmus came Luther; behind Luther came the Anabaptists of Munster, the rebellious peasants of Silesia and Saxony. After Febronius came the schism in the French Church, and behind it the Goddess Reason and the 'infidel' Revolution.

What were the princes to do when they saw the abyss opening before them, felt the ground shaking beneath them? To go forward firmly, confident (like Henry VIII of England) that they could keep their balance in a crumbling world? Or to go hastily back and shore up again the structure which, at first, they had so rashly undermined? The predicament was the same in both centuries. So, with significant differences of detail, was the response.

The sixteenth-century revolution was slower in showing itself. At first the greatest prince of Europe was not frightened. Charles V, King of Spain and Emperor of two worlds, was himself, he thought, a reformer. In his dominions the Pope's writ did not run. He was the patron of Erasmus. He regarded the rotten popedom with contempt and at one time nearly destroyed it. But in the end he saw the red light. Against the dangers of revolution in Germany, he accepted the alliance of his victim, and the trembling Pope declared, as he pocketed a handsome material *douceur*, that henceforth he would live and die an imperialist. He might even, he added with less conviction, consider reform of the Church.

In the 1790s there was no Charles V; but there was a much more formidable figure. Charles V, said Napoleon, had been wrong. Instead of resisting the revolution, instead of wearing out his strength in order to shore up an ancient society and dying, a defeated, abdicated bigot in a Spanish monastery, he should have gone boldly forward as the prince of the revolution – just as he himself had done. Then he would really have been, just as he had made himself, Emperor of the modern world . . .

And yet, when we look at Napoleon's relations with the Roman Church, are they in the end so different from those of Charles V? Napoleon placed himself at the head of the revolution in order to exploit it, but also to tame it. He carried the Civil Code into Italy, dissolved the contemplative orders in France, and amputated the papal states; but he also restored the altars, made the Concordat, and proclaimed that his empire was 'a great new Catholic Empire, whose principal opponents were the protestant English, the schismatic Russians, and the Mohammedans he had defeated in Egypt'. Philip II of Spain could hardly have said more than this. And the answer of the Pope – that this was no Catholic Empire but a heavy, tyrannical protectorate – was made not only by Pius VII to Napoleon; it had been made in the sixteenth century too, in even more vigorous language, by Pius V to Philip II.

Indeed, the more we compare them, the more those two emperors – the conservative Charles V, the revolutionary Napoleon – resemble one another. Did Napoleon invade the papal states, threaten the Pope, deprive him of his patronage? Charles V had done the same, and not only in his 'Erasmian' youth. Did the Pope squeal and wriggle in the iron grasp of Napoleon? He did no less in the stranglehold of Charles V. Napoleon, the patron of the Revolution, became, in a sense, the great Febronian, the heir of Charles III of Spain and Joseph II of Austria. Charles V, the enemy of the Reformation, remained, in a sense, the great Erasmian, the last and greatest of the reforming lay princes. So strong are circumstances which can force conservative and radical alike to do the same work.

And in the end, both failed. Charles V, the broken, abdicated conservative emperor, looked out from his monastery at Yuste; Napoleon, the broken, abdicated radical emperor, looked out from his exile in St Helena; and what they saw was remarkably similar. There were differences, of course. Indeed, there was one huge, over-riding difference. In the mid-sixteenth century half Europe had been lost to Catholicism, whereas in the early nineteenth century there was no new Protestantism: there was neither heresy nor schism. But within the Catholic world the similarity was remarkable. Both now and then the laity had been defeated. 'Erasmianism', 'Febronianism', were no more. Here the Council of Trent, there the Congress of Vienna, had reversed them. The religious orders, which had been so reduced, were revived and multiplied. Sir Thomas More had envisaged a society in which priests had been holy and few; in Counter-Reformation Europe they were worldly and many. They were a necessity of state. In the early nineteenth century it was the same. Pope, Jesuits and Monarchs, declared Joseph de Maistre, were natural allies against liberals and revolutionaries. Three centuries before, that great Venetian liberal, Fra Paolo Sarpi, had said the same: Pope, Jesuits and Spaniolised Princes had been to him the *Diacatholicon*, the triple enemy of a free christian society.

Thus in the end the result was the same.

• *Revolution and Papacy, 1769-1846.* By E. E. Y. HALES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

The Enlightenment was defeated, the reforming princes were defeated, the revolution was defeated; and so also were the Emperors who had sought to ride or to hold the storm. When the storm was over, and the emperors had vanished, princes and bishops were found everywhere locked together in almost indecent embrace. The laity might have preserved a few gains north of the Alps. In the sixteenth century there had been great gains, and even in the nineteenth there were some. But in the Peninsula and Italy it was different. There, in the nineteenth as in the sixteenth century, the Counter-Reformation closed its grip. The temporal power of the Pope was restored fully in Italy.

Yes, the temporal power of the Pope. For that, in the end, was the great difference between the two centuries. In the sixteenth century it had not been challenged. The Protestants had not reached it; the Catholic princes had respected it. And therefore the papal thunderbolts, though poised, had never been hurled against Charles V. But Napoleon had invaded the personal property of the Pope. He had detached his richest provinces and placed them (horror of horrors) under lay government and civil law. He even declared Rome itself a 'free imperial city' and reduced the papacy to its old position under the Roman empire. The Pope was to have his palaces, his revenue, his spiritual authority, but 'that little Italian duchy' was to go. This, of course, was the last straw. So the thunderbolt finally fell and the emperor was excommunicated as Charles V had never been, as even Hitler would never be. In revenge, the Pope was carried off from Rome, bundled over the Alps, lodged as a prisoner in Fontainebleau, alternately flattered and bullied until, in the end, he signed on the dotted line. At least, he signed away his rights over the French Church. But then, at the last minute, he contrived to escape. His spiritual authority in France could go, but in his own duchy he must be sovereign. In Mr Hales's words, he was 'saved from the consequences of his mistake by his concern with something much less important' – the Papal States.*

In 1815, the Pope recovered the Papal States. The laity were driven from power into opposition. The 'Brahminical government' of the clergy was restored. French reforms – vaccination, street-lighting, uniformity of weights and measures – were reversed. For half a century Popes would go black in the face at the thought of nationalism, liberalism, anything recalling the revolutionary attack on their Temporal Power. And yet, thanks to that Temporal Power and its abuses, this time the attacks continued, and this made yet another difference from the earlier struggle. In the sixteenth century the Italian 'Erasmian' *élite* had fled abroad. They had created industry in Switzerland, finance in France; and in their absence, Italy had declined. In the nineteenth century they did not despair. If they fled abroad for a time, they soon returned; and in the end, returning home in force, they created, on the ruins of the Temporal Power, the *Risorgimento*, the revival of Italy.

A Great Advocate

Sir Patrick Hastings. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Heinemann.* 30s.

Sir Patrick Hastings was one of the most successful advocates who ever pleaded at the English Bar. He began his professional career with 15 shillings in the bank. He bought a wig and gown on credit and proceeded to earn £750,000 in 40 years of practice. The popular newspapers, to whom he was a godsend, made him as familiar to the general public as Steve Donoghue, Jack Hobbs or George Robey, whom he resembled in two respects: he was a true professional and a specialist.

To the man who lurked behind the persona in the courts, the image in the public mind, Mr Hyde has devoted less than a tenth of his book and perhaps the proportion is significant. Apart from two dull years at Charterhouse, Hastings's early life was adventurous and bohemian. His father was a sort of Micawber with a weakness for bankruptcy which kept his family on the move from London to Corsica, France and Belgium. Before Sir Patrick was called to the Bar there were interludes: prospecting for gold in North Wales, service as a trooper in South Africa and a spell as a dramatic critic in Fleet Street. Paradoxically these unconventional beginnings produced a conventional man with a limited range of interests. His excursion into parliament was unhappy and he acquired an understandable distaste for politics. He declined a judgeship. He read little apart from Edgar Wallace, wrote some thin plays, enjoyed yachts, horses, country houses and bridge at the Garrick. His sense of humour was schoolboyish and his manners could be disconcerting. At tea at Buckingham Palace he surprised King George V by blandly announcing 'Well I must be off now, I have some work to do'; and he was liable to abandon guests at dinner. He was clearly happiest with his agreeable family, adored and adoring.

The simple truth is that he was completely absorbed by his profession and his imagination was preoccupied by the problems of advocacy; and here he excelled in civil cases in which the issues were narrow and the paltriness of human nature in abundant evidence. Although the most formidable cross-examiner, he was not happiest in criminal cases and, in spite of his brilliant defence of Mrs Barney, actively disliked murder trials.

The best traditions of the English Bar began with the generation of Carson and Rufus Isaacs and it was upon Carson that he modelled himself. 'Pure logic' was what he claimed to rely on and he had a remarkable gift for divining the central issue on which any case should be fought and refusing to be diverted from it. Mr Hyde's admirable and sympathetic study abounds in examples of this technique. In a highly complex case involving the Diamond Syndicate he boldly told the jury there was only one short point which would take them a matter of minutes to decide – whether a certificate was honestly given or not. His opponents cross-examined for days on the basis of some 4,000 documents. Hastings relied on a single transaction and after a ten-day hearing forced the defendants into a settlement. And in the dramatic case of Mrs Barney, who was acquitted of murdering her lover, Mr Justice Humphreys went out of his way to tell the jury that 'Sir Patrick's speech . . . was a remarkable forensic effort . . . one of the finest speeches I have ever heard at the Bar . . . all the more assistance to you because it consisted, as to nine-tenths of it, of a careful analysis of the evidence, and was free from anything like an appeal to sentiment.'

His success as a cross-examiner was based on an extension of this technique and he attached enormous importance to his first and last questions. Unlike Sir Rufus Isaacs who preferred to throw a witness off his balance, Hastings employed a blunt straight left to the chin to show the witness that he was challenged and then drove his points home with a relentlessness narrowly removed from brutality. His speeches were lucid and short, his language and metaphors commonplace. Forceful rather than distinguished, he had a sense of drama and an eloquently expressive face.

He bequeathed a new fashion in advocacy, the very antithesis of such masters of flamboyant irrelevancy and theatricality as Marshall Hall, and shorn of all props – throat sprays, magnifying glasses and large silk handkerchiefs. If they make a film about him starring Charles Laughton or Spencer Tracy it will certainly be false to the original.

WILLIAM HUGHES

The Man on the Spot

Tshekedi Khama. By MARY BENSON. *Faber.* 30s.

To most people Tshekedi Khama is noteworthy as the uncle of Seretse Khama, the young chief-elect of the Bamangwato who set the cat among the colonial pigeons in 1948 by marrying a white girl. Tshekedi, appalled that Seretse should take such an important step without consulting the tribe, opposed the marriage. So, for less valid reasons, did the Labour government. There is little doubt that Labour's Secretary of State, Patrick Gordon Walker, was swayed by the advice he received from his officials that he must at all costs avoid incurring the hostility of South Africa. So, taking advantage of the fact that the tribe was divided on this issue, the government tried to cloak its injustice to Seretse by extending it to Tshekedi and banishing both.

The story of this *cause célèbre* is told in fascinating detail in this book. Inevitably it is told from Tshekedi's, rather than Seretse's point of view, for Mary Benson knew and revered Tshekedi and played a big part, with Michael Scott and others, in trying to right the wrong done to him personally. But I do not think that Seretse would complain of this. He was the first to appreciate his uncle's great qualities and the concern for the tribe which guided him constantly; and before Tshekedi's death the reconciliation between them was complete. The long fight against the government's ruling eventually ended in one of those typical British compromises which did less than justice to both men.

Nonetheless, the campaign achieved two things. It put Bechuanaland on the map through the personality of the Regent of its leading tribe. Everyone who came to know Tshekedi was deeply impressed by him. Many who were in a good position to judge believe he was the most remarkable man Africa has yet produced. Mary Benson is clearly one of these. In writing this book she has had access to his personal papers as well as many first-hand accounts of him by those who worked with him intimately, and in her effective use of them she goes a long way to persuade us that this judgment was correct. She makes us realise the frustrations this able man must

have endured as he struggled against the incorporation of his country in South Africa on the one hand and its economic stagnation on the other. The contrast between his balanced maturity of mind and the petty obscurantism of some of the 'men on the spot' against whom he waged untiring war deals a mighy blow to our patronising assumptions about African 'backwardness'.

But Tshekedi's struggle did more than this. It helped to alter Britain's whole attitude to Africa. The injustice done to Tshekedi and Seretse weighted on the conscience of the Labour movement. In 1948 interest in colonial affairs was limited to a select few – what the Administration likes to dismiss contemptuously as 'missionaries and Negrophiles'. Tshekedi's case stimulated Labour interest in colonial affairs and encouraged it to question more boldly the judgment of the 'man on the spot' who, as Mary Benson points out, is always the white official or white settler, never the African. And so, when the next crisis arose in Africa, with the establishment of the Central African Federation, the Labour movement mercifully avoided repeating its mistake and refused to be beguiled by persuasive Fabian arguments in favour of tidy administrative solutions which ignored the paramount claims of human rights.

This book is obviously written with great love and I daresay its portrait of Tshekedi is too uncritical. But it is an error on the right side. More objective studies may follow later. In the meantime, Mary Benson has triumphantly established her point: that the man-on-the-spot in Africa who matters is the African.

BARBARA CASTLE

Big Daddy

Taken at the Flood. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

May This House be Safe from Tigers. By ALEXANDER KING. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

This is a risky time of year to publish the biography of an advertising tycoon. The small screen is shrill with jingles. The hard sell erupts from newsprint and hoardings. Resistance against all persuaders, hidden or otherwise, starts sullenly to mount. Mr Gunther's hero is Albert D. Lasker, 'the creator of modern advertising', who coined the slogan 'Keep That School Girl Complexion', and who earned $45,000,000 before quitting the agency game, ten years before his death, in 1942. 'He made the bulk of his fortune by communicating abstractions – by ideas', says Mr Gunther, tacitly accepting the suggestion that the ideas were worthwhile.

Lasker's clients certainly thought so. Lucky Strike, Pepsodent, Kleenex, Palmolive, Studebaker, Sunkist, RCA and Frigidaire all saw their businesses boom with Lasker steering their accounts. He practically invented orange juice. He assembled the first radio soap operas. And he dragged 'halitosis' from the dictionaries where it had been hiding, and put it to scarifying work. His gospel was 'Salesmanship in print'. He believed implicitly in all the products he plugged, and insisted that his staff did likewise. Preference for a rival brand was a kind of treason.

He also believed in himself. 'There is no advertising man in the world but me', he declared. And his megalomania subsequently burgeoned in other fields. Towards the end of his life he became not only a philanthropist – ardently promoting birth control, public medicine, and cancer research – but also a confirmed Democrat and a supporter of the United Nations. As a young man, however, he was a Republican, an isolationist and a creator of commercial dictatorships. The one-man control of American baseball – instituted after the 1919 scandal when the Cincinnati Whites were bribed to throw the World Series – was engineered by Lasker. So was the reign of Will Hays, a former American Postmaster General, whose rules of censorship gelded Hollywood for more than two decades.

Lasker loved power. And he loved to be loved. When a copywriter tried to resign, Lasker manhandled him into a taxi and delivered him tenderly to a psychiatrist. Anyone who wanted to leave his employ, he reasoned, must be crazy. But Big Daddy could also wield the big stick. Appointed chairman of the United States Shipping Board by President Harding, he reduced the staff by arbitrarily firing all men on certain floors who had desks next to windows.

For an innovator Lasker now seems curiously, even endearingly, old-fashioned. His genius lay in trusting to a finely-tuned commercial instinct, and playing his hunches. He detested all gimmicks, including motivational research. He was completely certain – without evidence, without surveys, without the shadow of doubt – that he *knew* what was best for everyone else. And his convictions, never at conflict with his ethics, made him rich. Mr Gunther knew Lasker as a friend, and his memoir reads disappointingly like an endorsement.

For criticism turn to Alexander King, a former editor of *Life*, whose jaundiced eye lights on the admen in his new collection of anecdotage and observations. 'The advertising business,' remarks Mr King, 'has finally turned into a soggy, over-ripe fungus, prospering jubilantly on the body of modern industry.' The comment is incidental (in fact, *all* Mr King's comment is incidental), but in this random, ribald, often brilliant book is the antidote to hucksters of every day and age.

'I strongly suspect,' says Mr King, 'that those public-spirited lads actually often tell us about a great many things that we *ought* to want, just because some big-time gambling gents have their goddamned warehouses loaded with some of the crap they can't get rid of.' To me, that sounds like the truth. And isn't the truth supposed to make us free?

PHILIP OAKES

The Other Poet

Shakespeare's Rival. By ROBERT GITTINGS. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Shakespeare had a modest estimate of his own talents – if we are to believe the sonnet in which he reveals himself as 'desiring this man's art and that man's scope.' Elsewhere, in Sonnets 78 to 86, he is dismayed at being put into the shade by a rival poet in the esteem and affections of his patron; and the tone of the poems was (we have hitherto supposed) a rueful acceptance of the situation. Who was this poet to whom Shakespeare felt inferior? The most likely candidate has generally seemed to be Chapman, whose translation of Homer might well have made a country-bred writer of stage-plays suffer a passing cloud of self-depreciation.

The latest adventurer into this tangled undergrowth of conjecture is Mr Gittings. A few years ago he wrote a brilliant book, *John Keats: The Living Year*; the study of Keats can never be quite the same again. He has now tried to do something similar for an

Rhubarb! Rhubarb! Rhubarb!

HAVE YOU ever realised just how much people categorise you by your garden? They may have no idea whether you are an introvert or an extravert, but they soon notice when you stop running your garden, and start running away.

And honest spadework is by no means enough, if you wish to present a good face (or garden) to the world. Planting the wrong thing is worse than planting nothing at all.

Every plant, however attractive when young, can bring disgrace. It may grow up to be a weed. Or, far more humiliating, it may turn out to be the wrong sort of rhubarb. Consider the following passage by Lawrence D. Hills in his regular gardening feature *Down to Earth* in The Observer:

> 'Early Albert is easy and true from seed, so more plants raised cheaply in this way will provide alternate rows that can be rested after forcing. Real enthusiasts will prefer Glaskin's Perpetual.'

The rhubarb in my garden is always resting, and I'm quite sure it isn't Glaskin's Perpetual.

But this is the encouraging thing about the *Down to Earth* column. Himself a Glaskin's Perpetual man, Mr. Hills has a great deal of patience with the reluctant gardener. He is full of good ideas about what to plant, and when, and how. He makes sure you get this advice in plenty of time. And somehow he manages to keep jargon out of these helpful technicalities.

The Observer gives you a sort of defence in depth against the traps of gardening. Victoria Sackville-West writes lovingly of flowers in her column. She identifies closely with them, is very much alive to their beauty, and yet she too is thoroughly down to earth. She knows the dangers of slugs and snails, frosts and gales. She too sings the praises of bone meal, dried blood and muck.

Like Mr. Hills, she has the happy knack of being able to write interestingly about her enthusiasm.

And there's one other good thing about these columns. While you're reading them, you are—it can be argued—actually gardening. So if your conscience (or somebody) suggests that you ought to be out there doing something, here is a very good reason for putting off the evil moment, possibly for ever.

J.B.L.

earlier literary situation, 'the crucial year between late 1597 and late 1598.' The difficulty is, however, that his evidence for the relation between Shakespeare's life and poetry is radically different:

> For Shakespeare, unhappily, we have no equivalent to Keats's letters, the daily workbooks of a poet in which many of his compositions actually appear in their first drafts. We must pick up clues about Shakespeare where we can.

With these disclaimers ('we simply have not got the human data'), Mr Gittings finds that, in the search for the Other Poet, his clues point to one Jervis Markham, a prolific writer of verse and prose, of whom few of us have read a line – except perhaps a fragment mistakenly attributed to Marlowe and printed in his works. Markham is known to have been connected with the circle of the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. His books on farriery, cock-fighting and angling have their interest. But he also had pretensions to poetry in the grand style, and in 1597 he published a 2,000-line poem called *Devoreux*, a dirge for Walter Devereux (killed at Rouen in 1591) mingled with a panegyric of his brother, the notorious Earl of Essex. As only two copies of the book survive, one in Oxford and the other in an American library, and as it has never been reprinted, Mr Gittings has, in effect, explored new material. He finds some surprising resemblances, in language and allusion, between this poem and Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, and suggests that its excessive praise of Essex and his family connexions may have aroused Shakespeare's jealousy or indignation.

The trouble is that, in spite of Mr Gittings's plausible array of arguments and parallel passages, reason rebels against our thinking of Jervis Markham as a person whom Shakespeare could feel to be a rival. *Devoreux* is not merely 'very bad poetically', as Mr Gittings admits. After a pleasant enough start, it develops a sort of tedious execrable quality. Only a grim antiquarian fervour enables a human being to get through its 257 stanzas. Here is his account of the British expeditionary force setting off for France in 1591:

> A north-west wind then gently did beget
> Their swelling sails with child of Honour's course;
> Their steel-shod keels the rough sea's entrails slit,
> And unto France conveyed fair England's force.

Poets do sometimes make mistakes about the merits of their contemporary rivals, it is true. But Shakespeare had a good ear for bad poetry; this we know, because he could himself write exquisitely appropriate bad poetry for characters in his plays – witness the poetical writings of Orlando and Hamlet. Mr Gittings is compelled to interpret Shakespeare's expressions of humility as satire and his praise as sarcasm. Sonnet 86 ('Was it the proud full sail of his great verse Bound for the prize of all too precious you . . .') is 'extraordinary invective.'. This interpretation of the tone of the sonnets is essential for Mr Gittings's theory and seems to me very difficult to accept.

Mr Gittings is a cautious investigator, and he knows that he has not done more than connect into a plausible situation a number of surprising possibilities. From an identification of the 'falcon' in Guilpin's *Skialetheia* (a collection of topical epigrams and satires) as Shakespeare, he goes on to explain how the character of Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was printed in 1598 as 'augmented,' may have been revised in order to ridicule Markham. His chains of evidence are inevitably no stronger than their weakest links. 'This is not a detective story,' he tells us. But it is a good story, modest and scrupulous and readable.

TERENCE SPENCER

Fem. and Masc.

Crete and Mycenae. By SPYRIDON MARINATOS. Photographs by MAX HIRMER. *Thames & Hudson.* 6 *gns.*

Minoan civilisation was the first in Europe, and in many ways more attractive than any that followed it. The Minoans arrived in Crete in the third millennium BC; they were wonderfully non-Aryan: masters of the sea at a time when the Indo-European hordes had no name for a boat, they worshipped a mother-goddess, held that women were free creatures, solved the problem of how to have beautiful breasts, thought war was a nuisance that might never happen, buried their dead without grave-goods in disused bath-tubs, and used relatively cheap treasure for immediate enjoyment. Their most alarming experience was of catastrophic earthquakes which they believed were caused by the violence of a subterranean bull. To live at ease with him they played frivolous acrobatics with the most magnificent bulls ever represented in art. However, the enormous size of their palaces and villas shows a heavy dependence on slavery; and the double-axe, more prevalent than any other national symbol in antiquity, does not suggest a universal sweetness and light.

Almost everything on the island was destroyed by the tidal wave and earthquakes of *c.* 1520 BC. The palaces were rebuilt, unfortified as usual, to fall less than 100 years later to Mycenaean invaders from the mainland. Now that the reading of Linear B (that literature of the property-label) has proved the Mycenaeans to be Greek it is easy to be stylistically wise. These Aryan-speaking warriors are no more like the Minoans than Ares is like Aphrodite. Quite soon their assimilative genius married the two. But at first they look formidably grim: fortifications which the later Greeks named 'Cyclopean' to express their feeling for the unpleasantly superhuman, and the dead packed in sheets of gold with massy gold treasure to enliven them, buried in fortified underground vaults that look like Hitler's bunker. Their art, when it was not imported from Crete, had the incisive masculinity of the wiry bounding line – beautifully shown in bronze dagger-blades with hunting scenes inlaid in gold, silver and black niello. It is in a different world from the mammary softness of Minoan art. But it is technically far in advance of anything in the Greek future for the next 400 years. Were the Mycenaeans Maginot-minded? Did they devote too much energy to their dead? We know only that they and their art succumbed to a dark age so obscure that some scholars pretend not to notice it.

Crete and Mycenae has an instant success as a status-symbol on the drawing-room table. Everyone says 'What a beautiful book', confirms his impression by a glance at the coloured plates, and puts down the tome (it is too heavy to hold up) with an awed peep at the price. I myself think that the book is unduly heavy for its 436 pages; otherwise it is admirably planned to accomplish its purpose of presenting these two civilisations intelligently to the mind and attractively to the eye. Professor Marinatos has shown considerable literary skill in compressing so much of his enormous knowledge of Aegaean archaeology into a readable text. I absolve him of all my wilder generalisations.

Mr Hirmer's colour-photographs of painted pottery, frescoes, and golden masks are among the most beautiful I have seen; the tones are slightly enhanced, giving an impression that is probably closer than we get in a museum to the brilliant colours chosen by the artist. In his 236 pages of monochrome photographs Mr Hirmer is splendidly objective; he will not dramatise anything or direct your attention to one feature more than another: these, he indicates, are the details you would see if you looked steadily in clear light. It was a mistake to include no representation of Minoan ships, for example of that seal-stone found at Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans: 'a noble horse of enormous size is being transported in a one-masted boat driven by Minoan oarsmen seated beneath an awning'. Diligent search will find an unindexed map of Crete (but not one of the Mycenaean sites) with a scale in miles misprinted as kilometres. But these are small faults in a magnificent book.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

The Form-Givers

The Master Builders. By PETER BLAKE. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

We hear a lot about *haute vulgarisation* but how about *haute pop*, the branch of superior journalism that not so much simplifies the higher mysteries, as offers surveys of specialised worlds? Koestler's book on Yoga does this at one level, Martin Mayer's *Esquire* piece, 'Inside the TLS', is a classic instance at another level, and Peter Blake's new conducted tour through the mystique-makers of modern architecture looks like another classic in the field. It has all the marks: casual un-pompous style, erudition (however rarefied) and gossip (however trivial) presented as of equal value; facts straight, opinions mainstream, admiration and amused scepticism turn and turn about; an attempt (successful) to present the living body, not the scholar's specimen.

Peter Blake's field is judiciously limited and he tackles only the three currently accepted form-givers – Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright: no squares, like Gropius, no far-outs like Buckminster Fuller. He's right, too. Understand these three, and you understand the Modern Movement to date; the others are all peripheral at the moment, whatever revenges and surprises time may hold in store.

And this book will genuinely help understanding, I think. This is an architect's view, with all its overtones of mystique, brought about as near lay language as it ever has been without losing the specifically architectural quality of the discourse. So much of the crucial communication between architects is subliminal that very little meaning usually leaks out to the bystanders. It may be for this reason that the author, born in Germany and living in the US, is at his best, not on German Mies nor grass-roots Wright, but on Franco-Swiss Corb, whom he has presumably had to make the greatest conscious effort to understand. He also, I suspect, admires Le Corbusier more than the other two. At all events, he gets considerably more than his fair share of the book (128 pages out of 300) and more than his fair share of Mr Blake's

hermeneutic talent. The chapters on Wright pale (as practically everything must) by comparison with Vince Scully's dazzling and exotic essay in Braziller's *Masters of World Architecture* series; Mies van der Rohe seems never to summon up particularly brilliant writing from anybody; but the Corb chapters should afford the lay reader a sight of Corb as he is seen by architects, treasuring the same sayings, admiring the same key-buildings, puzzling over the same inconsistencies, retailing the same gossip. To read it is not only to understand better a master architect, it is to understand better all architects.

REYNER BANHAM

Two Mandarins

So Be It, or The Chips Are Down. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by JUSTIN O'BRIEN. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Mémoires Intérieurs. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

If a low gambling-den on the East Side is equivalent to the casino at Monte Carlo, then no doubt 'the chips are down' is an equivalent expression to *les jeux sont faits*. Otherwise not. But Mr O'Brien's American translation reads well, and his notes are thoroughly informed if sometimes otiose. Mr Hopkins goes to the opposite extreme by not translating the title at all. It shouldn't have been impossible, though in fact these *mèmoires* are not very *intérieurs* most of the time. There is a marvellous second chapter in the childhood home near Bordeaux, between vine and pine. One recalls how, in novel after novel, M. Mauriac used to evoke some oppressive domestic interior, terrifying but loved. Thereafter, what we get most of are retrospective literary judgments.

There is a long posthumous denunciation of Gide. There is something decidedly unattractive about this. Although, at the time of writing, M. Mauriac too had been awarded a Nobel prize, he goes on decrying the earlier award to Gide, whom, as far as any Catholic would dare, he consigns explicitly to Hell. To any agnostic, it must seem that, at his end, Gide's Christian charity was in better shape than M. Mauriac's was last year.

All the conspicuous French Catholic writers of his time were much involved with Gide. He found their 'conversions' insincere. They were dismayed by the revelation of his 'tastes.' If one says that André Gide made a religion of homosexuality, one gives, I suppose, offence to nobody. If, of Jammes, Claudel, Charles du Bos and M. Mauriac, one said the reverse, one might be held to be talking nonsense. All the same, to read these two books one after the other does revive the curious impression that *their* 'faith' and Gide's erotic cult, if not precisely interchangeable, yet played a similar role in dissimilar lives.

Certainly, Gide was a brave man. In these pages, which he persisted with in his last lucid interval, a few days before death, he is still amusing. I think he will last. I think M. Mauriac will last, if only with his obsessive study of possessive motherhood, *Génitrix*.

The vampire mother was a recurrent figure in M. Mauriac's novels, certainly as late as *Le Sagouin*. One might have guessed at some autobiographical haunting here. In the present book, M. Mauriac's own mother is presented as all mildness and understanding. Among M. Mauriac's charges against Gide is that he left behind an unfavourable portrait of his wife. It may be idle or impertinent to meditate closely upon these facts, but odd tricks of mind are betrayed in this book. For instance, M. Mauriac complains balefully of the smell of petrol fumes in our cities, while depicting himself as travelling into Paris by car.

From his *Journals*, we have long known how much various English writers meant to Gide. We may not have suspected the same thing of M. Mauriac. In these *Mémoires Intérieurs*, he mentions Emily Brontë, D. H. Lawrence, Graham Greene, Virginia Woolf, Shakespeare, Samuel Beckett, William Faulkner and *The Scarlet Letter*, Coventry Patmore and Gerald Manley Hopkins and Henry James. He dismisses Lawrence as 'that ridiculous prophet,' yet confesses to reading greedily the books about him (notably Catherine Carswell's and Dorothy Brett's). *Wuthering Heights* he discusses at some length. It is a book he constantly returns to. About younger French writers, he is querulous. Still, he has looked at Alain Robbe-Grillet. He doesn't like what he sees, but at least he allows that one day M. Robbe-Grillet may write great books.

Perhaps he is best of all on Georges Bernanos. These co-religionists and near-contemporaries differed greatly in temperament and in the circumstances of their lives. 'From that life of suffering, from that murky, lightning-torn body of work, comes,' says M. Mauriac, 'a cry for help.' Bernanos had at one time described M. Mauriac's work as 'a cellar, the walls of which are sweating with moral anguish.' M. Mauriac quotes this, together with compliments Bernanos paid him at other times. M. Mauriac has been a fluent writer. To Bernanos, writing was a nightmare. The fact shows, most of all towards the end in *Monsieur Ouine*. I doubt whether M. Mauriac does justice to the purely literary and imaginative excellence of Bernanos at his best. (His highest flights were, to my mind, beyond M. Mauriac's capacity even, at *his* best, in the Twenties.) But the temperamental, the human involvement here is generous in the extreme.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Founding Father

Max Weber: an Intellectual Portrait. By REINHARD BENDIX. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

The City. By MAX WEBER. Translated and edited by DON MARTINDALE and GERTRUD NEUWIRTH. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Max Weber died in 1920 at the age of 56, leaving behind him what at first sight appears a bewildering mass of writing relating to numerous important areas of sociological enquiry. Economic and political organisation, social stratification, the sociology of religion and law, the sociology of knowledge; these are but some of the matters treated at length in Weber's work. Yet in this seeming diversity there is a fundamental unity; it is Professor Bendix's achievement, in his synoptic view of Weber's sociology, to have made the nature of this unity abundantly clear.

As Bendix shows, Weber's primary concern was with defining and explaining the distingushing characteristics of Western, capitalist society. One central problem for Weber in this particular connection was that of determining the conditions which had in the West proved especially conducive to

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the development of economic rationality. It was with this problem in mind that Weber undertook the study by which, in this country at least, he is best known: his investigation into the relationship between the secular ethic of Protestantism and the spirit of Capitalism. This essay, however, formed only one relatively small part of Weber's vast *Religionssoziologie* – a fact of which its critics have often been blatantly unaware. It was followed by studies of Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism and other Eastern cults in which Weber sought to show how, in contrast to Protestantism, none of these religions possessed 'an armoury of spiritual incentives' such as would favour 'the incorporation of the acquisitive drive in an innerworldly ethic of conduct.'

Weber attempted to account for the initial differentiation between occidental and oriental religiosity in his essay on ancient Judaism. As Bendix points out, an appreciation of this work is of particular importance if Weber's discussion of Protestantism and Capitalism is to be seen in its true perspective. For here Weber demonstrates how Judaism provided the source of the ethical rationalism which was to emerge as a distinctive and dominant influence in Western civilisation. In this process Weber regarded the religious developments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as forming a late but significant phase, in which religious precepts and the self-discipline of mundane conduct were brought into close affinity.

Weber was concerned not only with the impact of religious ideas upon economic activity but also with the relationship between systems of religious belief and the structure of the societies in which they prevailed. Weber saw societies as comprising various conflicting status groups, each concerned with advancing their own economic interest, their own social prestige and their own orientation towards the world and man, and he regarded the success of each of the great religions as the result of one such group eventually establishing itself as the dominant 'carrier of culture' in its society – as, for example, did the Confucian literati in China or the Brahmins in India.

It is here, in Bendix's view, that one finds the link between Weber's sociology of religion and the bulk of his other work. So far as the West was concerned, he had traced the origins of ethical rationalism and had studied an important phase of its development in the period of the Reformation. It remained for him to show how the eventual prevalence of the basic assumptions of this rationalism was associated with the changing structure of European society, and in particular with shifts in the distribution of power between contending status groups. It was this concern that provide the starting point for Weber's sweeping surveys of economic history, for his penetrating discussion of social stratification, and for his political sociology and sociology of law.

Bendix devotes almost a third of his book to an account of these latter aspects of Weber's work, and it is here that the general reader will find most to interest him. The focus of Weber's attention is the phenomenon of power, especially power that derives from established authority. His analysis of the ways in which different 'systems of domination' are legitimated, and of the various forms of organisation which enable them to function, is full of meaning for the present time. His writings on charismatic leadership and on the nature of the state, for example, do much to increase one's understanding of recent events in Africa; his discussion of bureaucracy is essential reading for anyone who shares with Weber a concern for the autonomy of the individual in a mass society.

Anyone who is aware of the scope and intricacy of Weber's work will recognise the magnitude of the task that Professor Bendix took upon himself and applaud the manner in which he has accomplished it. Those who wish to grapple with the complexities of Weber's thought will find in Bendix's study a worthy introduction to a writer who ranks with Marx and Durkheim as one of the 'founding fathers' of modern sociology. It is often said that the influence of Weber on sociology today is more powerful than that of any of the great pioneers in the discipline. It would be hard to quarrel with this view. Nonetheless, it is arguable that in several areas of current sociological enquiry the perspectives that characterise the work of Weber are singularly disregarded – and with great loss. This would be generally true of industrial and political sociology; and, in his introduction to *The City*, Don Martindale makes it clear that the contention would hold also in regard to urban sociology.

In *The City*, an essay which forms an integral part of his far-ranging studies of economic and political organisation, Weber is primarily concerned to analyse the distinctive institutional features of the urban community, and to specify the conditions under which such communities emerge. His work makes a brilliant initial contribution towards a systematic theory of urbanism; but it has yet to be followed up. Urban sociologists remain preoccupied with demographic and ecological considerations, and with the social pathology of city life. The historical and comparative study of urban institutions, a necessary basis for any important theoretical development, is neglected.

It has been said that a science which hesitates to forget its founders is lost: but so far as Weber is concerned, sociologists cannot yet afford to forget and may indeed have much to discover.

JOHN H. GOLDTHORPE

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,610 **Set by Brian Hill**

Competitors are invited to submit a translation of the following sonnet by Gautier:

Moi, je suis la tulipe, une fleur de Hollande;
Et telle est ma beauté, que l'avare Flamand
Paye un de mes oignons plus cher qu'un diamant,
Si mes fonds sont bien purs, si je suis droite et grande.

Mon air est féodal, et, comme une Yolande
Dans sa jupe à long plis étoffée amplement,
Je porte des blasons peints sur mon vêtement,
Gueules fascé d'argent, or avec pourpre en bande.

Le jardinier divin a filé de ses doigts
Les rayons du soleil et la pourpre des rois
Pour me faire une robe à trame douce et fine.

Nulle fleur du jardin n'égale ma splendeur,
Mais la nature, hélas; n'a pas versé d'odeur
Dans mon calice fait comme un vase de Chine.

Entries by 10 January.

Result of No. 1,607 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

Competitors are invited to compose a hunting song for the Duke of Edinburgh. Limit 12 lines.

Report

Which paper do you read? Mine – non-Top, it goes without saying – seemed full a week or two ago of the Duke's hunting and shooting prowess. The comparatively meagre response to this competition suggests that NS competitors are mainly Top People. There were some pleasing entries, all the same. I like the lines of J. Wilson's from Holland:

Yoicks, tally-ho!
To Holland I'll go
Where hunting is done without foxes.
And when I come back
I'll present my own pack
With the kill – two Dutch cheeses in boxes!

And Barbara Critchley would have won a prize had her scanning been a little more accurate; but one stanza at least came off:

O this is the life for me lads,
Let's have the time of our lives;
Over the sea for a spree lads –
A wonderful week from our wives . . .

First prize (two guineas) goes to W. G. Daish for his delightful dialect poem – '*cf* No. 35 of *Book of British Song* (Cecil Sharp, 1902) "tune and words traditional Somersetshire".' To the other competitors whose entries are printed a guinea each.

THE CHEERFUL ARN

The cheerful ârn d'blaw in the mârn,
But ztag-hunten' aï waunt goo.
Aï laïkes vishen' en zhooten'
En pawlaw en boaten',
But ztag-hunten' aï waunt goo-noo-noo.

A-hunten' aï waunt goo!
Zome volks d'thenk they'm smort in penk,
But voz-hunten' aï waunt goo.

A'll vly anny airplaän,
Draïve anny axprass train,
But vox-hunten' aï waunt goo-noo-noo,
A-haunten' aï *waunt* goo!

W. G. DAISH

D'ye ken Young Phil with his grin so schmoo
D'ye ken Young Phil with his entre nous.
D'ye ken Young Phil on the old Telly Voo
With his nag and his Jag in the morning.

For the sound of his trump has kept from their beds
The rest of the pack and the would-be Teds
And his 'Hello Chaps!' has defeated the Reds
Who'd have knocked off the Crown one fine morning!

Yes we ken Young Phil and Tony too
Cronin and Payne Boy and Crawfie so true
Who're all hunting the slipper and finding it too
For there'll be a view from the top in the morning!

KEN GEERING

Come haste all ye snobs to hob-nob with the nobs,
And follow the horses and hounds!
'Tis the U thing to do, a poor beast to pursue
At the cost of some hundreds of pounds.

So fling all your scruples away,
Be reckless and ruthless and gay,
And join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
For Philip goes hunting today?

There are folks, so they say, in RSPCA
Whose hearts are with tenderness filled,
But such qualms are a waste; Reynard *loves* being chased,
And rather enjoys being killed!
So – (etc).

R. KENNARD DAVIS

SONG OF THE DUTIFUL HUNTER

They've told me to hunt – I dislike a rebuke –
You have to be dutiful if you're a Duke,
So here with my rifle
I prove I'm a man
(Some carnivore's life'll
Suffice for the plan).

All Royalty hunt – well then, so must I, since
You must keep to principles if you're a Prince.
I'm certain of sport
(All arranged by the Court),
So here I sit humming, my gun on my knee,
To give poor old England a fillip – that's me!

R. A. MACKENZIE

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Through Hampshire and Dorset the fog persisted. Impossible to overtake the lorries in pairs, trios and long processions, all laden with freight which should have been on rail, all grinding their way west at 25 mph on an A road just wide enough for two slow traffic streams. The fog was heavy with carcinogenetic diesel fumes. It froze onto the trees and beautified them with rime: where it thinned there would be a round hill or a stand of elms done in silver against a hazy blue sky. There was often ample time to enjoy this austere beauty as traffic piled to a halt wherever three men and a bulldozer toiled in vain to vindicate the jaunty claims of Mr Marples's PRO. Looking on their labours, and then over my shoulder at the line of vehicles which, I knew, stretched almost unbroken across three counties to London, I recalled the road-menders of Spain, old, bent, courteous men, each stooping to place a few small stones in one of numberless potholes, and to paint them over with tar from a bucket.

Just east of Yarcombe the fog suddenly vanished and the sun shone and I was driving through a glory of small rainbows suspended in water droplets. With the speedometer needle passing 60 for the first time that day, I found out where the fog had gone to: it had frozen into a solid sheet of ice on the road. The discovery was made as we went into a bend. The car simply took off and went, straight as an ICBM from a Tartar's launching-pad, into a high bank. It was not of stone or the steering column would now be sticking out of the middle of my back. It was rich, red loam. The load on my luggage grid consisted of three five-gallon casks of old cider: they kept on going, the plastic window in the canvas hood being no impediment. Unhurt, I was now in some danger of being drowned in my own cider. I sat listening to the song of a blackbird and to the glug-glug of cider running from a fractured spigot. The heady flood rose about me. A shaken truck driver whose articulated vehicle had taken the corner folded, the back trying to get in front, came to the car and said was I alright, mate. He saw the cider and began to laugh. I got out and said I was alright and he said that I ought to shake hands with myself. I didn't, though: I was wondering why one moves from A to B when, under the aspect of eternity no B can be better than any A. The devil is to blame, of course, always tempting me with the vision of a countryside where bricks-to-the-acre can be counted only in tens.

★ ★ ★

Bricks, or rather dressed stones, are more numerous than that where we have moved to; but less numerous than where we have come from. The new house is a slightly gothic ex-vicarage. The decorators working in it speak slowly and harmoniously so that I become conscious of my own meagre vowels. I look at the new garden and wonder where to begin, then spend the day 'heeling-in' a couple of thousand young grape-vines until such time as the new vineyard site has been prepared. Towards teatime the men in the house fall silent. But the rooks, returning to their rookery in our gaunt old black pine, take up the task of keeping silence at bay. For half an hour I listen and watch. Having lent my field-glasses to a man I suspect of being a *voyeur* in need of such help to overcome his frustration, I cannot observe the rooks as closely as their behaviour deserves. Why do I find them more interesting to watch than human beings?

Possibly because I have not the least idea what they will do next, whereas 'intelligent' conduct is predictable; and because, when they have done something odd, I still do not know why. For example why, instead of quarrelling noisily over the limited number of nests, do they not build some more? Is this an economic problem, as, we are told, the housing shortage is with humans? Or are the rooks stupid and lazy? At all events, the building problem seems to be as acute at tree-top level as at ground level. On the whole I suspect rooks of being as intelligent as we are: and perhaps intelligence of the kind we share with them should be defined as an inability to make the 'naturally best' use of economic resources.

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TAURUS

The Nineteen-sixties whimpered their way quietly into the City a year ago. Share prices managed to achieve a peak at the beginning of January: they are now down by well over ten per cent and expected to fall further. The banks are still doing well out of high interest rates, but several are busily licking the wounds they received from their buccanneering venture into hire purchase finance, and all are feeling the perplexed annoyance which comes from being held for the first time on a short rein. The London insurance market, with aeroplanes, and ships, and earthquakes, and *Cleopatra*, has had another rough year. Radcliffe on the monetary system has passed without leaving much behind but three volumes of useful evidence, and Jenkins on company law seems determined to leave even less.

Retail prices at home are beginning to edge their way up again, while commodity prices are still dropping to new post-Korea lows. Europe is still determinedly at sixes and sevens; the problems of the US deficit and the German surplus have still to be tackled, with the one still taking precedence over the other. It is again becoming fashionable to worry about the long-term trend of exports, and this year's current payments deficit is likely to be the largest for a decade.

A dull and disappointing year, certainly, but the City has passed much of it in a refusal to look up. The glow of freedom remained warm until after the summer and still lingers. Rents are still rising, and the office-blocks are still going up on every side; the difficulties of the motor-car and consumer durable industries are localised; an inrush of hot money has helped people to forget that sterling was ever anything but strong; optimistic speculators have created two false booms in share prices during the past 12 months. There are plenty of people, even at the year-end, who are obstinately expecting the golden age to return. Only the professionals are consistently sour.

★ ★ ★

Share prices have now lost about half of what they made after the election and may well lose the other half before the big investors begin to buy again. But these hunches are chancy: the ordinary, long-term investor may not find it worth his while to bother about a possible ten per cent fall and a good many of the professional speculators may already have been forced to cut their losses (though there may be more selling when the tax season gets under way). Blue chips are now yielding more than 4¼ per cent on dividend and over ten per cent on earnings: a further ten per cent drop in prices would make them attractive against gilt-edged to the hardest-boiled institutional investor, even if the increase in dividends which helped to push up equity yields this year is partially reversed in 1961.

The Trustee Act, expected early in the new year, will certainly induce some people to switch out of gilt-edged into equities, but it will probably be into the high-yielding shares of companies like Shell and Associated Electrical which are temporarily in the doldrums: there is an unnaturally large gap at the moment between the prices of shares like these and those of the popular growth-stocks – shares like Smiths Crisps, with an excellent growth record, which lost ten per cent in one day last week on the announcement (it might have been anticipated months before) that the bad weather had affected both profit margins and sales. The institutional investors who govern prices are waiting until yields become more reasonable: they would not be so standoffish were it not for the threat of new issues – there is a threat of a £50m ICI issue at the moment – pushing down prices and providing opportunities for big investors to buy on the cheap.

★ ★ ★

Unit trusts have slipped with the market, and the managers have recently had to buy back more units than they sell. Their management record has been reasonably good, and unit prices have fallen less than the market as a whole. The trouble is that most trusts have pinned their faith to block offers – heavily-advertised offers of a certain number of units to be sold at a given price within a certain time. This sort of advertisement relies for its success on the ignorance of the public, in that it creates a false analogy between the new issue, which can be stagged only because the number of shares on offer is limited, and a block offer of units which are on sale at any time; if block offers fail like speculative new issues when markets are more likely to fall than rise, the managers have only themselves to blame; coming to life at a time when markets were booming, they set out to interest the small investor by stressing the opportunity of capital appreciation. Small investors would now be averaging out the swings of the market: small speculators are selling in peevish disgust.

Company News

Godfrey Phillips has pleased the market by promising 15 against ten per cent: the 'marked improvement' in group profits can be only partly due to the decision to switch a chunk of its assets out of tobacco into Ace paperbacks.

The bid for *Piccadilly Theatre*, as expected, comes from Mr Bernard Delfont, the theatrical member of a trio which recently and fruitlessly attempted to get Moss Empires away from Prince Littler.

Michael Nairn & Greenwich has announced profits up by a third but a dividend up only from 8¼ to ten per cent: it might have been more were the group not attempting to get its feet on to something less slippery than lino.

The HP companies are still gradually admitting trouble: *North Central Wagon* (a subsidiary of the National Provincial) has reported profits down from £1.6m to £0.9m accompanying a relatively slight increase in advances; *Forward Trust* (a subsidiary of the Midland), has reported a very sharp increase in advances and profits down from £556,000 for 18 months to £35,000 for 12.

Ranks, the Millers, reports a disappointingly small increase in profit and dividend: *Ranks*, the Cinemas, by contrast, is one of the moment's favourite speculations.

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The Chess Board

No. 581. The Champion's Coffee Cup

'Where on earth', our new world champion was asked by a lady interviewer – 'where *do* you find the source of those tactical ideas so suddenly decisive in so many of your games?'

Misha Tal pondered the question. 'In my coffee, I presume', was his considered reply. 'I have a cup or two for every game.'

Here's how it worked against Smyslov in the 1959 Candidates' Tournament. /6k1/5p2/4q2p/2R3p1/1P2p3/P5Q1 / 1B3PK1 / 3r4 /. Smyslov could have secured the win quite simply by Q-Kt8ch-R8ch-QB8; instead he played 1) P-Kt5, and after . . K-R2; 2) R-B6, Q-Q4 came the horrible blunder 3) Q-K5; whereupon Tal looked into his coffee cup and found . . . R-Kt8 ch; 4) K-R2, R-R8 ch; 5) K-Kt2, R-Kt8 ch, saving a precious ½ point. Next year, in the 17th game of the title fight, Botvinnik achieved this clearly won position. /2r5/kp1r1pp1/pR2pktp1/2P5/3Pq3/1Q6/4Kt1PP/1R4K1/. Instead of securing the win by 1) . . . K-R1, Botvinnik blundered by . . . Q-Q4; and this time Tal's coffee cup produced a full point by 2) RxRP ch!!, K-Kt1; 3) Q-R4, etc.

I took this from Kurt Richter's new booklet *Schach-Delikatessen* (de Gruyter, DM 3.80), a truly delightful *potpourri* of amusing anecdotes and instructive positions, problems and studies, such as this witty piece by Leo Löwy (Vienna 1905). ,RK6/PPP5/8/2kt5/7b/5pk1/16/. White seems hopelessly lost, but he *can* save himself by 1) K-B8, P-B7; 2) P=B; and stalemate is inevitable. Or this amusing 3-mover (R. Skuja, 1940). /5K2/3P4/2k5/8/6B1 / 4B3 / 7Q / b7 /. There's a double Q-sacrifice involved by 1) Q-B7 ch, KxQ; 2) P=Q ch, KxQ; 3) B-Kt6 mate. Or take the position in which Petersen, scheming a witty drawing line against Petrosjan, was outwitted by the grandmaster. (Copenhagen 1960). / r4rk1 / 4qp1p / 4p3 / pbKtpP2Q / 1p6 / 4P3 / PP5P / 2R1R1K1 /. White went in for 1) Kt-K4, PxKt; 2) R-B7 [the idea being to counter . . QxR by Q-Kt5 ch and perpetual], Q-Q1; 3) R-Q1, planning to counter . . . B-Q6 by 4) R-Q7; but Petrosjan failed to oblige; he brought his opponent's little scheme to an abrupt end by the devilish . . . B-K7!!. And here, finally, one of the classics (Kling & Horwitz 1851). /8/5p2/7p/2pk3P/1p1p2P1/8/3K4/8/. In spite of his P-superiority Black is lost after 1) P-Kt5,K-K3; 2) PxP, K-B3; 3) K-B2!!, P-B5; 4) K-B1!!; and Black will soon succumb to the lash of the *zugzwang* whip.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced the mate very neatly in three moves. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins. They are, neither of them, very easy. What matters in **B** is to save the Kt in a very ingenious manner; as for **C**, this is a particularly witty piece remarkable for seemingly triumphant chances given to the defence and invariably thwarted. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 January.

A: Bobozov 1960

B: A. M. Belenky, 1959: /6Kt1,8/4r1k1/16/6B1/4B3/4K3/.

C: V. Jevrejinov, 1959: /6bk/7p/2q1PP2/2Pp4/p2R4/5K3/8/B7/.

REPORT on No. 578. Set 10 December

A: 1) R-R6!, RxR; 2) P=Q ch, RxQ; 3) P-Kt5 etc.

B: 1) K-K7!, P-Kt4; 2) K-Q6, P-Kt5; 3) P-K7!, B-Kt4; 4) K-B5!, B-Q2; 5) K-Q4, K-Kt2; 6) K-K4, K-B3; 7) K-B4, K-Q3; 8) P=Q, BxQ; 9) KxP.

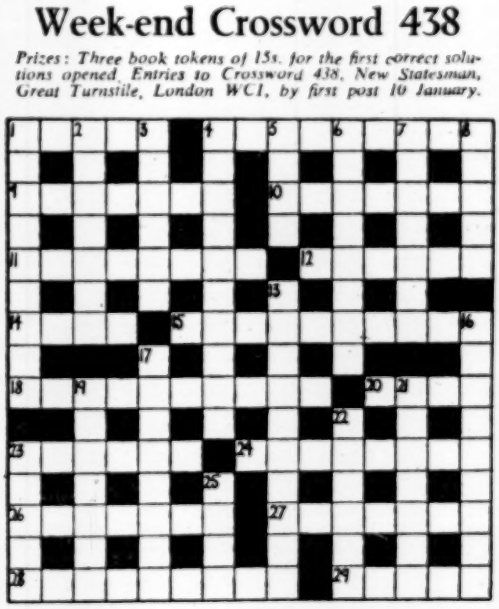
C: 1) P-K7! (PxP ?), B-Q7 ch; 2) K-Kt6!, B-Q6 ch; 3) K-B7!, BxP ch; 4) P-K5! (KxP?), BxP ch; 5) K-Kt6!, B-Q5 ch; 6) K-R5, B-B6 ch; 7) K-R4 and wins since his QBp is now blocked for the Kt.

Not so easy. Prizes: E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, R. T. Waterfield. Chéron, alas, has been indisposed again, hence the announcement of the Jury's verdict must be delayed a few weeks.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 438

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 438, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 10 January.



ACROSS

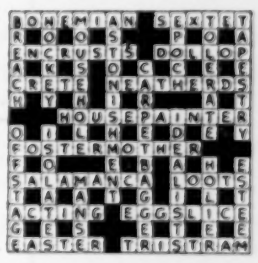
1. Speaks imperfectly with a sibilant in the mouth (5).
4. Fix up mother with a part in rubbish (9).
9. Moments concluded by a girl embracing a man (7).
10. The weight to spoil a subject (7).
11. Hun beast changes to expose himself (8).
12. The mourner is more enthusiastic (6).
14. In time she will be twenty-six (4).
15. Starting to foul with skill in three divisions (10).
18. Bird has to phone admirer about piano (10).
20. Penguins' walk (4).
23. Farming which brings success in a wet place (6).
24. Building material for a super architect? (8).
26. In time a girl discovers the result of an evening out (7).
27. Treatment for a democratic period? (7).
28. Garment for a cottager to change into (9).
29. Material put in for longer wear (5).

DOWN

1. One who goes to the rescue if several go astray (9).
2. Tool for a bridge? (7).
3. Persian wrongly brash about love (6).
4. Botanical specimen for school after the vacation (10).
5. Two soldiers make film (4).
6. Lovers who need a wife for a start (8).
7. Human-hearted Turk (7).
8. 'O hateful ———, melancholy's child!' (*J. Caesar*) (5).
13. Simple diet designed as safety precaution (10).
16. Ivy's class (9).
17. Mine begin with players (8).
19. We hold a woman after the number is missing (7).
21. A serious indisposition for a maid (7).
22. Organ used in arranging tunes composed for piano (6).
23. Chesterton said all of it was metaphor (5).
25. A girl's love for a brave man (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 435



BOHEMIAN SEXTET
ROOS PO A
ENCRUSTS DOLLOP
AKS O C E E
CRETE HEATHERDS
H Y H I R A T
HOUSEPAINTER
O I L H E D E Y
FOSTERMOTHER
F O E B A H E
SALAMANCA LOOTS
T A A T G I L T
ACTING EGGSLICE
G E S E T E E
EASTER TRISTRAM

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 436

Mrs Peters (Saffron Walden)
Mrs R. Simon (London NW3)
A. Randle (Bolney)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LARGE single divan-room in woman doctor's maisonette. Use kitchen, bath. £13 monthly. PRI. 1202 before 12.30.

LGE furn. rm in pleas. flat, ckg facs, c.h.w., tel. Hampstead. Box 9441.

LARGE room, suit two, with kitchenette, h. & c. 4 gns. TUDor 0516 aft. 8 p.m.

HIGHGATE Wds. One-rm bach. flatlet, excep. furn. nr bus. 3 gns inc. c.h.w., clng, el., use frig., b. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

LARGE modern, excellently furn. room, fully carpeted, kit., shower, toilet, c.h.w. £4 p.w. Suit young lady. MAI. 9003.

NW1. Avail. 15 Jan., furn. s/contd basement flat. Cent. htg, dble bed-sit., kit. with fridge, shower bath, w.c. Phone. Part cleaning. £7 p.w. GUL. 4218.

CANONBURY. Large bed-sit.-rm., own bathroom. £3 15s. Tel. CAN. 3831.

FURN. attract. sgle rm, newly-conv., share k. one other. £3. PUT. 5131.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s 6d to 90s., partial board. Applic forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

WARM, light, s/contd basement flat. Contemporary dec. & furn. Sitting-rm, bedroom off, kit, bathrm, c.h.w., own tel. Top Campden Hill. 7 gns. PARk 9161.

SAVE time and money by calling on Personal Accommodation Services Ltd. We shall be pleased to show you our wide range of personally inspected flats, flatlets and rooms. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

PORTOBELLO Rd. 2 rm flat. Share kitchen, bathroom, gas/electricity incl. £6 10s. Suit youngish tenants. PAR. 0254.

ACCOM. and board offered for some help in administrating small students' hostel Hampstead. Knowledge Spanish desirable. Box 9457.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

VERY rural Essex nr Suffolk border, fully furn. cottage, 2 bed., 2 rec., bath, all mod. cons. ¼ acre gdn, garage. To let May-Sept. Box 9390.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HARLEY Street consultant who paints in his spare time, seeks a room as studio. Box 9405.

ARTIST/designer reqs largish bed-sit. incl. h. & c.w. and use of phone. SW/W/NW fairly near West End. Box 9469.

PAINTER seeks studio in or near London. To buy or to rent. Large room with good light essential. Preferably with a smaller room adjoining. Box 9422.

COUNTRY cottage, mod. con., wanted for summer holiday by new-born baby and parents (barrister, teacher). Good rent for beauty spot. Box 9402.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books), AMBassador 1564.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'NEVER make acquaintances in coffee houses' – a sound tip from 'Hints on Etiquette' (1834), an ideal amusing New Year gift. 4s. 9d. post paid from Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.

JANUARY 'Labour Monthly'. Programme for Mankind: R. Palme Dutt; The Great Tragedy: J. E. Newton; Light on Central Africa: D. N. Pritt, QC; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

WHICH to choose? 'Which?' tells you! 'Which?' gives value-for-money reports based on independent tests and surveys. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association and is available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept. 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'FIRST Person'. New American cultural journal. Thornton Wilder, Ford Madox Ford, etc. 7s. 6d. post free. Arthur Shelley Books Ltd, 29 Arlington Way, EC1.

RECENT edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica for sale. Bound half red leather. Cost approx. £150. Absolutely as new. Open to reas. offer. Rawlinson, 133 Sweet Briar, Welwyn Garden City 6117.

'A. & N.' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

STANDARD sets of French authors wanted. Librairie Française, R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham Street, SW1. VIC. 1543.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907 Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 9030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St. SW1. ABBey 2154/5817.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU 6136.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating, and all secretarial services. 18 Hanover St. W1. MAYfair 5091.

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OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work. 24 hr service. Personal attn. Tate Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC 7333.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
New Zealand

Applications are invited for the following appointments:

SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN ACCOUNTANCY: Applicants should be University graduates, preferably with a Master's Degree, and should be qualified members of a recognised professional accountancy society.

SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN COMMERCIAL LAW: Applicants will be expected to have the Degree of LL.M. or its equivalent and to have had some years of practical experience in a legal office.

SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN ECONOMICS: Applicants should be able to teach both economic theory and econometrics.

The salary scale is £1,750 per annum, rising to £2,000 per annum by three annual increments (two of £100 and one of £50). Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 18 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
New Zealand

ADULT EDUCATION CENTRE

Applications are invited for the following appointments in the Adult Education Centre:

TUTOR/ORGANISER – NORTHLAND AREA

CITY TUTOR – It will be an advantage for applicants to have a degree in History and/or Economics and/or Literature.

The salary scale is £1,160 per annum, rising to £1,460 per annum by three annual increments. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

Now is the time for all wise girls to start thinking of settling into permanent work. Secretaries, typists and all grades of clerical staff are well placed by

Stella Fisher Bureau
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

Licensed Annually by LCC.

Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

SHORTHAND teacher required part-time evenings by School of Languages for January. St Giles School, 63 Oxford St, W1.

'But he said grace yesterday!'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY
Christchurch, New Zealand

ADULT EDUCATION DEPT.

Applications are invited for the following positions in the Department of Adult Education:

FULL-TIME TUTOR FOR NORTH CANTERBURY

FULL-TIME TUTOR FOR WEST COAST

Candidates should possess a University degree. Consideration will be given to qualifications in Art, Music and Drama, and importance will be attached to evidence of good organising ability, teaching capacity and experience in community organisation.

The salary attached to the positions will be, as from 1 April 1961, £870 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £970 per annum for a junior tutor and £1,160 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,460 per annum for a tutor.

The University will consider payment of approved travelling expenses and a contribution will be made towards the cost of removal.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL STUDY

Applications are invited from graduates who are professionally qualified social workers for the post of LECTURER IN SOCIAL CASEWORK in the Department of Social Study from 1 October 1961. Candidates should have had experience both as practitioners, and as teachers of social workers. The person appointed will be responsible for organising the Graduate Course in Social Work.

Salary, depending on qualifications, will be on the scale £1,050-£1,850, with FSSU and family allowances.

Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 1 February 1961, to the Assistant Registrar (Commerce and Social Science), The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Psychology in the Department of Philosophy. (Preference may be given to applicants with special interest or qualifications in Child Psychology).

Salary scales:
Under 26 years of age on appointment £600 x £50 to £900 per annum.

Over 26 years of age on appointment £850 x £50 to £950 per annum.

FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 14 January 1961.

BOURNEMOUTH

ANGLO-CONTINENTAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Recognised as Efficient by the Ministry of Education. (ENGLISH TO ADULT CONTINENTAL STUDENTS)

Auxiliary temporary teaching-staff, full-time, mid-April to early September. Preferably male, recent university training with teaching experience. Knowledge of Direct Method and Translation, also Literature and Commerce. Dip. Ed. an advantage. German and/or French/Italian/Spanish/Swedish/Norwegian preferred but not indispensable. Interest and enthusiasm essential, initiative welcome. Class and occasional individual tuition. Excellent facilities and conditions of work. Applications with photograph to the Directors, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31-33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Kew Gardens. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Hirsch House, 2 Priory Rd, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

WELL-known but busy author seeks assistance. London-based research worker familiar History and Archaeology and able produce summaries, synopses etc. Possibility regular work for right applicant. Box 9406.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

(British branch of Service Civil International, which has consultative status with UNESCO)

Owing to the expansion of its activities, which include the organisation of work camps in Britain and the exchange of volunteers with other branches of SCI, International Voluntary Service requires

(a) a deputy organising secretary with energy and initiative, to be responsible for the placing of volunteers and the organisation of work-camp projects, at an annual salary of £600 x £30 to £720.

(b) a competent clerical assistant for general office work, including maintenance of records, typing, answering general enquiries, supervision of stock and assisting the deputy organising secretary with the placing of volunteers, etc., at an annual salary of £450-£500 x £22 10s. to £550-£600.

(c) a part-time housekeeper, to be responsible for the administration of a small hostel and transit centre in London, at an annual salary of £156 with free room, heating and breakfast.

Further particulars and application forms (returnable by 10 January) from W. J. Taylor, Chairman of the Executive, 37 Charlwood St, London, SW1.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

County Health Department
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited from QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS for appointments in the above Service. Other staff include two Consultant Children's Psychiatrists; a non-medical Psychotherapist; and Educational Psychologists who work in this Service as well as in the Schools' Psychological Service. Secretarial assistance is provided. Diagnostic and treatment sessions are held at various Clinics and close co-operation exists with two County Council Hostels for maladjusted children, which facilitates continuity of treatment.

Salary £740 p.a.-£1,000 p.a., and service conditions according to Whitley Council recommendations. (Two Saturday mornings off duty a month). Superannuation. Car allowance; assisted car purchase scheme. Canvassing disqualifies.

Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

NORFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited from suitably experienced married couples for the following posts at The Lodge, Bramerton, near Norwich, a Remand Home for boys and girls accommodating a total of 26. These posts offer interesting and stimulating experience in remedial and assessment work with disturbed and delinquent boys and girls.

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT. Salary scale £715 x £28 – £855 less £135 per annum for board, etc. Must be prepared to undertake elementary classroom instruction and handicrafts, etc., but need not be qualified teacher.

ASSISTANT MATRON. Salary scale £575 x £25 – £700 less £120 per annum.

Commencing salaries commensurate with qualifications and experience.

Furnished accommodation is provided, but there is none available for resident officers' children.

The appointments are superannuable and subject to a medical examination.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, 20 Lower Clarence Road, Norwich, to whom completed forms should be returned by 7 January 1961.

BBC requires Music Producer/Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting (Sound). Duties include planning, preparation and production of music programmes for primary and secondary modern schools. Music degree or other recognised musical qualifications essential, as well as educational experience preferably in primary or secondary schools. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.611 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COVENTRY
SENIOR PLANNING OFFICER (RESEARCH)
£1,350-£1,565 p.a. NJC Scale 'A'

Applications are invited from experienced Planners to be responsible to Assistant Principal Planning Officer (Planning Policy) to organise research into urban planning projects.

Housing assistance may be granted in approved circumstances. Removal expenses loan.

Application forms from Department of Architecture and Planning, Council House, Coventry, to be returned by 16 January 1961.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
HOUSEFATHER: WOOD VALE

HOUSEFATHER, class 11, required for this large children's home in Norwood, SE27, accommodating children deprived of a normal home life. The main duties will include assisting in organising and developing the home life of a 'house' of boys. Previous experience essential. Salary £555-£595, less £138 for single accommodation, lodging and laundry. Annual leave – 4 weeks including Bank Holidays.

Apply to Children's Officer (SDO/N/3221/12), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

ST MARGARET'S SCHOOL,
STOCKLAND,
NR BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET

The following resident staff are urgently required:

(1) Housemothers. Salary £234 per annum plus full board and lodging.

(2) Cook (catering for approx. 50). Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Both posts are strenuous and call for endurance and a sense of vocation. St Margaret's is a combination of school/children's home catering for maladjusted boys. The atmosphere is friendly and informal not institutional. The work is consequently harder but more satisfying. A consultant psychiatric staff advise on the practical handling of the children. Salaries are not static and the community as a whole benefit from any financial improvement.

Applications to the Principals. (Phone Combwich 257).

WEST END TRAVEL AGENCY

specialising in holidays to the Soviet Union & the People's Democracies require the following staff to start in January:

SENIOR BOOKING CLERK (must have previous travel agency experience).

HOTEL RESERVATIONS CLERK

SECRETARIES (two)

ACCOUNTANT & also an assistant book-keeper.

Above average salaries will be paid to applicants well-qualified and keen to work in our interesting field. Appreciable Continental holiday facilities available.

Please apply in writing in the first instance, giving curriculum vitae, to: The General Manager,

CONTOURS LTD,
72 Newman Street, London, W1.

BBC requires Assistant to Information Officer, Northern Ireland, in Belfast. Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material about Sound and Television programmes for issue to the press, Radio Times and other publications; day to day liaison with press; answering factual inquiries on telephone and in person from press and public; development and maintenance of up-to-date biographical information about artists, etc.; dealing with audience correspondence and assisting Information Officer in other general publicity work. Qualifications: knowledge of Northern Ireland life and affairs, ability to give and receive information quickly and accurately. Journalistic experience an advantage. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.625. N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

JOURNALIST Assistant required for the Labour Party Press and Publicity Department. Must be Labour Party and NUJ member. Further details and application form from Deputy General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. Closing date for applications 9 January 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

AUSTRALIAN National University. Institute of Advanced Studies. Fellow or Senior Fellow in Sociology. Applications are invited for a Fellowship or Senior Fellowship in the Research School of Social Sciences of the Institute of Advanced Studies. While a substantial portion of the appointee's time will be available for research, duties will include the supervision and training of scholars working directly in the field of Sociology, and maintaining liaison with other Departments in the School whose research enters the sociological field. Initially the successful applicant will be associated for administrative purposes with the Department of Demography, but the University intends to proceed at an early stage to the development of a separate Department of Sociology within the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range of a Fellowship is from £A1,832 to £2,602, and of a Senior Fellowship from £A2,592 to £3,102, but these ranges are under review; increments for Fellow are £70 per annum, Senior Fellow £85 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. A summary of the conditions of appointment and further details of the structure of the School of Social Sciences and the relation of Sociology with other Departments in the School, as well as with the Department of Anthropology and Sociology in the School of Pacific Studies, are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 11 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have qualifications in Social work with some experience in Social Work Education. Salary range £A2,520 – 70 – £A2,870 per annum. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 31 January 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Department of Islamic Studies. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer/Assistant Lecturer in Islamic Studies. Where academic qualifications are equal, preference will be given to Muslims. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 x 49 – £1,442/1,540 x 56 – £1,820 per annum and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 x 49 – £1,099 per annum. A statement of the General Terms and Conditions of Appointment can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications (11 copies) should be lodged with the Head, Department of Islamic Studies, University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur, by 15 February 1961.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for 2 posts of (A) Assistant Lecturer or (B) Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary scales: (A) £1,200 x 50 – £1,350 p.a. (B) Grade II £1,350 x 50 – £1,600 p.a. Grade I £1,600 x 50 – £1,900 p.a. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment, with allowance for transport of effects. Superannuation and Medical Aid Schemes. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of 15% of salary. Assistance given for triennial visits overseas. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 January 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE British Library of Political and Economic Science (London School of Economics, University of London). The Library requires an Assistant on the scale £470-£850, age 21-26 (or younger, at a lower starting salary). Qualifications: two GCE subjects at 'A' Level and a knowledge of languages; Library experience would be an additional advantage. Applications in candidates' own handwriting and with copies of not more than two testimonials, must reach the Librarian, London School of Economics, Houghton St, Aldwych, London, WC2, by 11 January.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

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ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. New Year's Eve. Dancing to the Neil Millett Jazz Band, Cabaret by Bruce Lacey 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Members 12s. 6d., their guests 15s. Non-members 17s. 6d. (inclusive of one night's membership).

EXHIBITIONS

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Picasso Ceramics. Also continuing Marc Chagall signed lithographs 1950-60. Until 10 January. 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Extended to 8 January inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Admn free. Aldgate East Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY fair 4610. Third Annual Sculpture Exhibition. 2 Jan.-21 Jan. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings and Drawings 1910-1960 by Lacasse, to 7 Jan., 10-6.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay - paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

THE Waddington Galleries: Hitchens, Yeats, Zack, Adler, Frost, Heron, Hilton, Wells and Wynter. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Adrian Heath - Paintings & Gouaches. Until 6 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery - Small Paintings and Sculpture by International Artists from 14 December, 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s 6d.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Eric Bourne on 'The work of the Pestalozzi Association'. Wed. 4 Jan., 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

THE Congo Situation: first-hand account by Prof. Ritchie Calder, Tues. 3 Jan. 8 p.m. for UNA, Westminster Br. at Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, SW1.

ENGLISH New Education Fellowship Conference: 'Man's New Concept of Himself', with special reference to education in Africa. Temple Room, Bonnington Hotel, London, WC1, 2.30 p.m. 6 January. Tea tickets 2s. from J. B. Annand, Alturas, Rotherfield, Sussex. Speakers: Professor J. A. Lauwerys, Mr D. J. Akuoko, Dr James Hemming and a Nigerian.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Kidnapping Yeats', a discussion between Frank Kermode, G. S. Fraser and F. Warner, with particular reference to Yeatsian commentaries of F. A. C. Wilson, Thurs. 5 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'How I Became a Sculptor', an illustrated talk by Ossip Zadkine, Fri. 6 Jan. at 6.30 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d.

BRAINS Trust on Art. Question-Master Prof. Eric Newton. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1. (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave), Tues. 3 Jan. 8.30 p.m. (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

IMPRESSIONS of South and Central Africa - a talk given by a recently returned visitor to the African Continent. New Jewish Society, Wed. 4 January - Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1, at 8 p.m.

'ALL Things New'; Speaker: Beatrice Saxon Snell. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1, Sunday 1 Jan. 1961 at 6.30 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 1 Jan. The Next Ten Years: H. L. Beales, MA, Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 3 Jan., Russia Revisited (Colour Slides), Gladys Farnell, MSc.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 1 Jan., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Retrospect and Prospect': H. J. Blackham.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Dennis Gray Stoll: 'Music and Ballet in Eastern Europe'. 8.30. Fri. 6 Jan. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'THE Real New Year.' Public lecture, 1 January, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

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